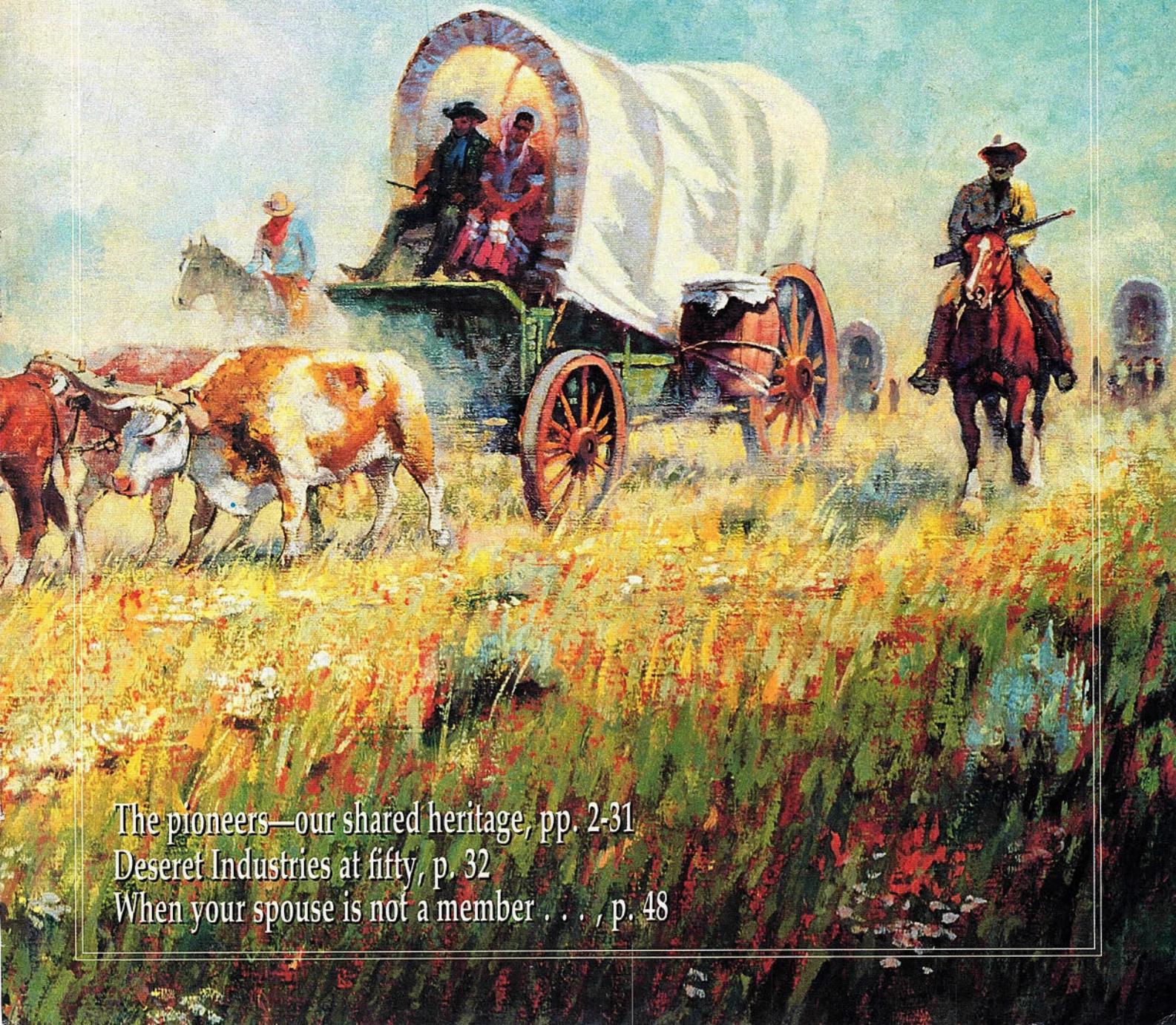


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Setting Up Camp, by Gregory Stevens

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FIRST PRESIDENCY MESSAGE

*By President Thomas S. Monson
Second Counselor in the First Presidency*

COME FOLLOW ME

To the east and south of the Tabernacle on Temple Square, marking the entrance to the valley of the Great Salt Lake and standing as a sentinel pointing the way, is located "This Is the Place" monument. Here is featured Brigham Young—his back turned to the privations, hardships, and struggles of the long desert way, his outstretched arm pointing to the valley of precious promise.

Miles that once took months are now traveled in minutes. The many hundreds of thousands of visitors who pause at the monument each year tingle with the spirit of pioneer tradition. Such tradition reaches its high point each year on Pioneer Day, July 24th. A grateful Church membership sets aside the busy cares of our fast-moving world and reflects on the everlasting principles which helped guide those noble pioneers to their promised land.

That first trek of 1847, organized and led by Brigham Young, is described by historians as one of the great epics of United States history. Mormon pioneers by the hundreds suffered and died from disease, exposure, or starvation. There were some who, lacking wagons and teams, literally walked the 1,300 miles across the plains and through the mountains, pushing and pulling handcarts. In these groups, one in six perished.

For many, the journey didn't begin at Nauvoo, Kirtland, Far West, or New York, but rather in distant England, Scotland, Scandinavia, or Germany. Tiny children could not fully comprehend the dynamic faith which motivated their parents to leave behind family, friends, comfort, and security. A little one might ask, "Mommy, why are we leaving home? Where are we going?"

"Come along, precious one; we're going to Zion, the city of our God."

Between the safety of home and the promise of Zion stood the angry and treacherous waters of the mighty Atlantic. Who can recount the fear that gripped the human heart during those perilous crossings? Prompted by the silent whisperings of the Spirit, sustained by a simple yet abiding faith, they trusted in God and set sail on their journey. Europe was behind, America ahead.

On board one of those overcrowded and creaking vessels of yesteryear were my great-grandparents, their tiny family, and a few meager possessions. The waves were high, the voyage long, the quarters cramped. Tiny Mary had always been frail, but now with the passage of each day, her anxious mother saw the little one becoming weaker. She had a serious illness. There was no neighborhood drugstore,



Some Mormon pioneers, lacking wagons and teams, literally walked the 1,300 miles across the plains and through the mountains, pushing and pulling hand-carts. In these groups, one in six perished.

no doctor's prescription, no modern hospital—just the steady roll of the tired old ship. Day after day worried parents watched for land, but there was none. Soon, Mary could not stand. Lips that were too weak to speak trembled with silent but eloquently expressed wonderment and fear. The end drew near. Little Mary peacefully passed beyond this vale of tears.

As family and friends crowded around on the open deck, the ship's captain directed the service; and that precious, ever-so-small body, placed tenderly in a tear-stained canvas, was committed to the angry sea. Her strong father, in emotion-choked tones, comforted her grieving mother, repeating, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." (Job 1:21.) We'll see our Mary again!"

Such scenes were not uncommon. Tombstones of sage and rock marked graves the entire route from Nauvoo to Salt Lake City. Such was the price some pioneers paid. Their bodies are buried in peace, but their names live on evermore.

Tired oxen lumbered, wagon wheels squeaked, brave men toiled, Indian war drums sounded, and coyotes howled. Our faith-inspired and storm-driven ancestors pressed on. They, too, had their cloud by day and pillar of fire by night.

Often they sang:

*Come, come, ye Saints, no toil nor labor fear;
But with joy wend your way.*

*Though hard to you this journey may appear,
Grace shall be as your day. . . .
All is well! All is well!*
("Come, Come, Ye Saints," *Hymns*, no. 30.)

These pioneers remembered the words of the Lord: "My people must be tried in all things, that they may be prepared to receive the glory that I have for them, even the glory of Zion." (D&C 136:31.)

As the long, painful struggle approached its welcomed end, a jubilant spirit filled each heart. Tired feet and weary bodies somehow found new strength.

Time-marked pages of a dusty pioneer journal speak movingly: "We bowed ourselves down in humble prayer to Almighty God with hearts full of thanksgiving to Him, and dedicated this land unto Him for the dwelling place of His people."

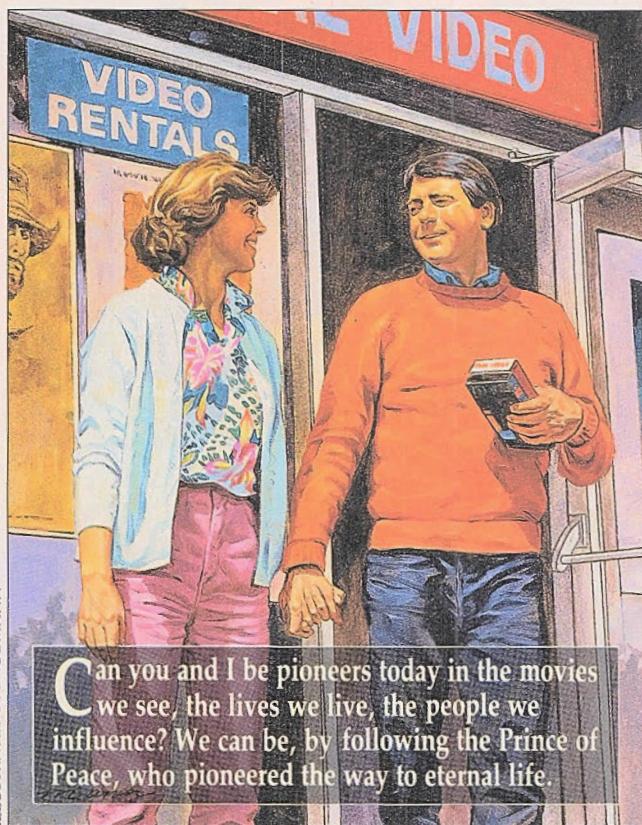
The crude homes were described in these terms by one who was there as a small boy: "There was no window of any kind whatever in our house. Neither was there a door. My mother hung up an old quilt, which served as a door for the first winter. This was our bedroom, our parlor, our sitting room, our kitchen, our sleeping room, everything in this room of about 12 by 16 feet. How in the world we all got along in it I do not know. I recollect that my dear old mother stated that no queen who ever entered her palace was ever more happy or proud of shelter and the blessings of the Lord than was she when she entered that completed dugout."

Such were the trials, the hardships, struggles, and heartaches of a former day. They were met with resolute courage and an abiding faith in a living God. The words of their prophet-leader provided their pledge: "And this shall be our covenant—that we will walk in all the ordinances of the Lord." (D&C 136:4.)

The passage of time dims our memories and diminishes our appreciation for those who walked the path of pain, leaving behind a tear-marked trail of nameless graves. But what of today's challenge? Are there no rocky roads to travel, no rugged mountains to climb, no chasms to cross, no trails to blaze, no rivers to ford? Or is there a very present need for that pioneer spirit to guide us away from the dangers that threaten to engulf us, and lead us to a Zion of safety?

In the four decades since the end of World War II, standards of morality have lowered again and again. Today there are more people in jail, in reformatories, on probation, and in trouble than ever before. From padded expense accounts to grand larceny, from petty crimes to crimes of passion, the figures are higher than ever and going higher. Crime spirals upward; decency careens downward. Many are on a giant roller coaster of disaster, seeking the thrills of the moment while sacrificing the joys of eternity. We conquer space but cannot control self. Thus we forfeit peace.

Can we somehow muster the courage and that



ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL MANN

Can you and I be pioneers today in the movies we see, the lives we live, the people we influence? We can be, by following the Prince of Peace, who pioneered the way to eternal life.

steadfastness of purpose which characterized the pioneers of a former generation? Can you and I, in actual fact, be pioneers today? A dictionary defines a pioneer as "one who goes before, showing others the way to follow." Oh, how the world needs pioneers today!

We forget how the Greeks and Romans prevailed magnificently in a barbaric world and how that triumph ended, how a slackness and softness finally came over them to their ruin. In the end, more than they wanted freedom, they wanted security, a comfortable life; and they lost all—security and comfort and freedom. From the confusion of our modern world, sincere persons searchingly ask themselves: "To whom shall we listen? Whom shall we follow? Whom shall we serve?"

Today, chronic strife permeates even the personal province of the Prince of Peace. Contention thrives, though he declared, "Contention is not of me, but is of the devil." (3 Ne. 11:29.)

But if we have ears that truly hear, we will be mindful of the echo from Capernaum's past. Here multitudes crowded around Jesus, bringing the sick to be healed. Here a palsied man picked up his bed and walked, and a Roman centurion's faith restored his servant's health.

Many turn away from our Elder Brother, who said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life" (John 14:6), and follow blindly after that Pied Piper of sin who would lead us down the slippery slopes to our own destruction. Satan cunningly calls to troubled souls in truly tempting tones.

Do not yield to his enticements; rather, stand firm for truth. The unsatisfied yearnings of the soul will not be met by a never-ending quest for joy amidst the thrills of sensation and vice. Vice never leads to virtue. Hate never promotes love. Cowardice never gives courage. Doubt never inspires faith.

Some find it difficult to withstand the mockings and unsavory remarks of foolish ones who ridicule chastity, honesty, and obedience to God's commands. But the world has ever belittled adherence to principle. When Noah was instructed to build an ark, the foolish populace looked at the cloudless sky, then scoffed and jeered—until the rain came.

On the American continent, those long centuries ago, people doubted, disputed, and disobeyed until the fire consumed Zarahemla, the earth covered Moronihah, and water engulfed Moroni. Jeering, mocking, ribaldry, and sin were no more. They had been replaced by sullen silence, dense darkness. The patience of God had expired, his timetable fulfilled.

Must we learn such costly lessons over and over again? Times change, but truth persists. When we fail to profit from the experiences of the past, we are doomed to repeat them with all their heartache, suffering, and anguish. Haven't we the wisdom to obey him who knows the beginning from the end—our Lord, who designed the plan of salvation, rather than that serpent who despised its beauty?

In the words of the poet:

*Wouldst thou be gathered to Christ's chosen flock,
Shun the broad way too easily explored,
And let thy path be hewn out of the rock,
The living rock of God's eternal word.*

(William Wordsworth, inscription on a rock at Rydal Mount, Cumbria, England.)

Can we not follow the Prince of Peace, that pioneer who literally showed the way for others to follow? His divine plan can save us from the Babylons of sin, complacency, and error. His example points the way. When faced with temptation, he shunned it. When offered the world, he declined it. When asked for his life, he gave it!

*Come, follow me," the Savior said.
Then let us in his footsteps tread,
For thus alone can we be one
With God's own loved, begotten Son. . . .*

*For thrones, dominions, kingdoms, pow'rs,
And glory great and bliss are ours,
If we, throughout eternity,
Obey his words, "Come, follow me."*

("Come, Follow Me," Hymns, no. 116.)

Now is our time to make this decision. Let us follow him. □

IDEAS FOR HOME TEACHERS

Some Points of Emphasis. You may wish to make these points in your home teaching discussion:

1. The Mormon Pioneer epic is one of the great stories of history because it shows persons enduring trials and heartaches with courage and with faith in God.
2. Like the pioneers, we can endure our trials and heartaches through courage and through faith in God.
3. Our challenges today often require us to stand firm for truth, rejecting the temptations of the adversary and withstanding the mockings of those who ridicule chastity, honesty, and obedience to God's commandments.
4. Our guide for each of us in this earthlife journey is the Lord Jesus Christ, who literally pioneered the way for all of us to follow.

Discussion Helps

1. Relate your feelings about the example of the pioneers and how we also are pioneers. Ask family members to share their feelings on this theme.
3. Would this discussion be better after a pre-visit chat with the head of the house? Is there a message from the quorum leader or bishop?



The exodus represented both hardship and long-awaited opportunity. It was also the end of a quest. Brigham Young told the first Latter-day Saints in the Salt Lake Valley that Joseph Smith had for years longed to be there.

REVELATION LED LATTER-DAY
SAINTS WESTWARD TO THE VALLEY
SEEN BY PROPHETS.

A "Place Prepared" in the Rockies

By Ronald K. Esplin

Mention of the exodus of the Latter-day Saints from Nauvoo and their subsequent trek to the Rocky Mountains often evokes images of persecution, injustice, and suffering, of Brigham Young leading a people driven westward by hostile neighbors. But such images preserve only a portion of the story. Traveling with firm purpose and only after lengthy planning, the pioneers also saw themselves fulfilling a prophesied destiny. "You may think you have driven us," Brigham Young told a government official in 1857, and "so you have." But only "through the will and pleasure of him who dictates the nations of the earth."¹

Before leaving Nauvoo, Latter-day Saint leaders saw the proposed trek westward as the beginning of fulfillment of a prophecy uttered by Isaiah: "And it

shall come to pass in the last days that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the tops of the mountains . . . and all nations shall flow unto it." (Isaiah 2:2; see also Micah 4:1-2.) The blessings promised the posterity of Joseph by his father Jacob had included "the utmost bound of the everlasting hills" (Gen. 49:26; Deut. 33:13-15), and so it was to the Rocky Mountains that the Lord directed their feet.

They had not forgotten that the center stake of Zion would one day be located in Jackson County, Missouri. (See D&C 57:1-3.) But the persecutions and tragedies of Missouri in the 1830s had made it plain that this center stake would not be established immediately. In fact, for the time being, the Lord had excused them from the commandment to build a temple there (see D&C 124:45-55) and had counseled them that Zion "shall be redeemed in mine own due time." (D&C 136:18.) Until then, they would have to find another home.

For those who shared the unfolding vision of a promised refuge in the American West, the exodus represented both hardship and long-awaited opportunity. It was also the end of a quest. Brigham Young told the first Latter-day Saints in the Salt Lake Valley that Joseph Smith had for years longed to be there. Finally "we are here, thank the Almighty God," he said, "for here is the place of beginning."²

From the earliest days of the Church, Joseph Smith claimed that the destiny of the Saints involved much more than a confined area in the eastern United States. His vision of the Church's place there may have been but a glimpse at first, but as the Church moved from place to place, his view became clearer. Even before leaving New York for Kirtland, Ohio, in 1831, the Prophet privately asserted to close



associates that the Latter-day Saints' promised land, as revealed by God, extended clear to the Pacific Ocean. Wilford Woodruff later testified that in Kirtland, in 1834, Joseph Smith shared his conviction that "this Church will fill North and South America—it will fill the world. . . . It will fill the Rocky Mountains."³

No doubt Book of Mormon prophecies about the redemption and future power of the Lamanites fed nascent expectations involving the West. Brigham Young reported that from the first time Joseph Smith stood on the banks of the Missouri River and looked westward into "Indian country" (in the summer of 1831), he desired to extend the Church farther west among the native Americans.⁴ He could not do so from Missouri, where government Indian agents regulated all interactions and prohibited settlement. But as soon as the Saints had access to the Indians and the West through Iowa, in 1839, the Prophet Joseph Smith authorized expanded contact with the western tribes. As subsequent events make clear, he had more than proselyting in mind.

The 1838 difficulties between Latter-day Saints and their neighbors in northern Missouri reawakened an intense interest among Church leaders in the West as a place of refuge. Only the unsettled far West promised a haven where the Saints would enjoy the freedom, in the words of Brigham Young, to "gain a foothold, a strength, power, influence, and ability to walk by themselves." But he knew that governmental obstacles associated with the Indian frontier, along with practical considerations, barred the way west for the present.⁵

The violent expulsion of LDS citizens from Missouri in 1838–39, however, created the need for an immediate home, a place to regroup. When Joseph Smith was released from Liberty Jail, he found lands available on reasonable terms in the areas of Illinois and Iowa where the Saints had momentarily settled. He confirmed the decision to gather there. But Nauvoo was never designated as a "permanent" gathering place. In May of 1839, Heber C. Kimball, a member of the Council of the Twelve, commented that the spot, though beautiful, was "not a long abiding place for the Saints." Elder Kimball was not alone in these expectations.⁶

It is likely, however, that as Nauvoo grew, many of the Latter-day Saints who gathered there expected to stay. Adding to a sense of permanence was the Lord's instruction to build a temple there. (D&C 124:55.)

As the city developed and the Saints prospered, many members undoubtedly hoped and believed things could remain as they were. But the first thrust to the West was already underway.

Less than a year after founding Nauvoo, the Prophet sent missionaries among the Indians west of the Missouri River. Immediately after the Prophet's death, the Council of the Twelve confirmed that this action involved settlement as well as missionary work. They dispatched missionaries, including Jonathan Dunham (who had been sent previously by the Prophet among the western tribes in 1839–40), to "fill Joseph's original measures" by "proceeding from tribe to tribe, to unite the Lamanites and find a home for the Saints." Even in 1840, Dunham understood;



PAINTING BY C.C.A. CHRISTENSEN

he spoke of great things "in the west, in fulfillment of prophecy," including "a place of safety preparing . . . away towards the Rocky Mountains."

By 1842 the Prophet apparently discussed these plans more broadly. That year, dissident Oliver Olney boasted of what he supposed were Mormon plans to unite with the Indians and become a powerful people in the Rocky Mountains.⁸ The famous "Rocky Mountain Prophecy" in the *History of the Church*, inserted by Church Historians based on later affidavits, also dates from this period. In Utah, Brigham Young characterized the prophecy that the Latter-day Saints would be "planted in the midst of the Rocky Mountains" as "not a new thing" and not hid up or "locked in a drawer, but . . . declared to the people long before we left Nauvoo." Among those

listening to him, he asserted, were hundreds who had heard the Prophet proclaim it.⁹

But in 1842, Joseph Smith's attention and resources were diverted from the far West. Not until 1844 was he ready to move forward. On 20 February 1844, he met with the Twelve and instructed them "to send out a delegation & investigate the locations of California & Oregon & find a good location where we can remove after the Temple is completed. & build a city in a day—and have a government of our own." (The original spelling has been retained in all quotations.) Twice more in February the Prophet made it clear that he desired "an exposition of all that country," the sooner the better.¹⁰

Conditions in Illinois underscored the practical urgency for a retreat in the Rocky Mountains. Orson Hyde remembered in 1846 that the Prophet had declared it "the will & mind of God to go West," adding that they should finish the temple if possible, but "if your enemies come upon you flee to the West." Later, in Utah, Brigham Young recalled how Joseph had sat for hours "conversing about this very country," and how the Prophet had often said, "If I were only in the Rocky Mountains with a hundred faithful men, I would then be happy, and ask no odds of mobocrats."¹¹

In 1844, however, the Prophet postponed further consideration of western exploration until he set up an organization to oversee such matters. The organization, called the Council of Fifty, consisted of both members and nonmembers. Once it was formed, the Prophet and the new council decided to focus first on other projects, especially the upcoming elections. In the meantime, members of the council, including several Apostles, would petition the United States Congress for assistance in launching a major western expedition.

By 1844, Nauvoo boasted more people, resources, power, and promise than any earlier Latter-day Saint settlement. Leaders who once saw it as a way station now hoped they could maintain Nauvoo as a temple city, even as they moved the headquarters elsewhere. "Their will be some place ordained for the redeeming of the dead," said the Prophet at April conference. "I think this place will be the one"—and, indeed, baptisms for the dead were performed in Nauvoo. Even so, another conference participant, speaking at the Prophet's urging, emphasized the expected establishment of a Zion "at the tops of the mountains and all nations shall flow unto it,"¹² an obvious reference to Isaiah's and Micah's prophecies.

A literal Zion in the Rocky Mountains was not the only possibility for new LDS settlement. In the spring of 1844, Joseph Smith emphasized increasingly what he had taught before: all of North and South America is Zion. With this in mind, in March, the Council of Fifty authorized negotiations with the government of the Republic of Texas to found a settlement there that might serve as a "place of gathering for all the South." Once the Nauvoo Temple was finished "and the Elders endowed," the Prophet told the Saints in April conference, they could build up churches

throughout the continent until "all Zion is built up."¹³ As the Prophet had foreseen, eventually Zion would fill all of North and South America.¹⁴

Had not death intervened, Joseph Smith likely would have implemented plans for the LDS exodus from Illinois, perhaps even in 1844. Brigham Young later insisted that had the Prophet lived, the Saints would have been in the Rocky Mountains sooner. Instead, the murders at Carthage (and temperate Mormon response) deflated mounting pressures that might otherwise have forced an early departure. The Twelve used the resulting interlude to focus every energy on completion of the temple. In January 1845, they announced that the temple ordinances would begin the following December.

That same month, January 1845, Brigham Young learned that enemies, convinced the Saints would fight to defend a completed temple, intended to drive them from Nauvoo *before* it could be finished. Fearing possible bloodshed, President Young "inquired of the Lord whether we should stay here and finish the temple." The answer, he noted in his diary, was that "we should."¹⁵ Ironically, enemies misunderstood the connection between the temple and Latter-day Saint willingness to leave Nauvoo. Once the temple had fulfilled its purpose, however briefly, the Latter-day Saints could be "driven" relatively easily—but not before.

Still, to outsiders—indeed, to all but a few of the Saints—it appeared in the spring of 1845 that Brigham Young had no intention of leading a migration from Nauvoo. In April, Governor Thomas Ford wrote to nudge him: "I was informed by Gen Joseph Smith last summer that he contemplated a removal west; and . . . I think if he had lived he would have begun to move in the matter before this time."¹⁶ Only the LDS leaders and a few of the other Saints knew that the wheels were already in motion.

Pleased at the progress of the temple, Brigham Young had counseled with his brethren in January

In their planning, Church leaders focused on an area of the Great Basin in what is now Utah. Within that expanse, inspiration indicated, there was a specific location preserved for them by God.

"on the subject of settling a new country." The Council of Fifty spent March discussing "Joseph's measures"—that is, "going West to seek out a location . . . where the Saints can dwell in peace and health." The council assigned men, including Jonathan Dunham, the Indian missionary of 1840, to labor among the western tribes in continuation of earlier efforts "to unite the Lamanites and find a home for the Saints."¹⁷

In Utah later, Brigham Young would say that he and Joseph had "sat many hours at a time conversing about this very country."¹⁸ But now that the mantle of prophet had fallen on Brigham, he sought his own divine confirmation on where in the vast West the Saints should go. He weighed all the information available and pondered the Prophet Joseph Smith's earlier instructions.

His people required "a country that the Gentiles do not desire," he decided. That ruled out the Pacific Coast, with its enthusiastic boosters and increasing settlement. Only the interior mountain country offered a secure "place apart." Perhaps the Latter-day Saints would plant settlements in Texas or on the western coast. They might retain Nauvoo as a temple city, the eastern rim of a great wheel. Someday the center stake of Zion, in Missouri, would be set in its proper place. But for now, President Young concluded, the hub of the great wheel clearly had to be in the Rocky Mountains.¹⁹

Church leaders focused on that portion of the Great Basin around the Utah Lake on the south, the Great Salt Lake on the north, and the Bear River Valley. Inspiration indicated that within that expanse was one particular place for their headquarters city, a specific location preserved for them by God.

Brigham Young felt personally responsible to lead the Saints to *the* place prepared. He told the Seventies in early March of a dream of searching with the Prophet Joseph for the right location. As they came to a mountain with multiple trails, Brigham spotted a route that Joseph had overlooked and arrived at the destination first. "I thought we had found a most beautiful place for a city," he recounted.²⁰

Church leaders obtained and studied information from explorer John C. Fremont and other experts on the target area in the Rockies. But even this information was insufficient to quiet Brigham Young's concern about finding the precise spot. Elder George A. Smith later reported that Brigham fasted and prayed in the Nauvoo Temple daily until he received a vision in which the Prophet Joseph, pointing out a specific mountaintop with an ensign, or flag, flying above it, decreed: "Build under the point where the colors fall and you will prosper and have peace."²¹

Evidence from the Nauvoo period confirms that before he left the city, Brigham Young ceased to worry about the exact location. Only a month before departing for the West, President Young reminded his associates that it was essential that "the House of the Lord should be reared in the Tops of the Mountains" and the "Banner of liberty wave" over

the valleys within. "I know where the spot is," he added, and "I [k]no[w] how to make the flag." To help him recognize the precise location when he saw it, he now had a key, a mental image. Joseph "sent out" the colors, he explained, and said "wherever the coulours settle there would be the spot."²² The later significance of such an ensign, or banner, in the Salt Lake Valley demonstrates that this was no idle comment.

In September 1845, the Council of Fifty began quietly to prepare for removal; on the ninth, they agreed that President Young should select a vanguard to head west in the spring. Two days later, anti-Mormons commenced hostilities against outlying settlements. To the mobbers' astonishment, Church leaders "capitulated" quickly, announcing they would leave Nauvoo in the spring.

The short-lived violence had an impact, of course. To use Brigham Young's phrase, no doubt mob activity "put the gathering spirit into the hearts of the brethren," encouraging some to leave on the trek who might have been less willing in more peaceful times.²³ The violence also influenced the decision to focus all resources on the exodus, except those necessary to complete the temple for ordinance work. Hope of maintaining Nauvoo as a temple city was abandoned. Instead of the long-planned exploring and colonizing expedition followed by departure in stages, the Saints prepared for a mass exodus which, some months later, mob pressure helped to complete.

Although Brigham Young publicly announced in September 1845 the decision to depart, he pointedly refrained from revealing a destination. He would not proclaim a precise location before personally examining the land and receiving a confirmation that he had found the chosen spot. He was also shielding the Saints' true destination from enemies who might wish to preempt their intended lands. Even the official proclamation to the Church on the eve of the exodus left open the possibility that "the neighborhood of the Rocky Mountains" would serve only as a halfway station.²⁴

In the Church's October 1845 general conference, Brigham Young and the Quorum of the Twelve presented the exodus as a "glorious emergency," stressing that "we are going cheerfully." John Taylor emphasized the opportunity to be free from oppression, and Parley Pratt compared their removal to the transplantation of young fruit trees from a small nursery to a field large enough for mature trees to bear fruit. "The Lord designs to lead us to a wider field of action," to a country "where we shall have room to expand," he explained. After the conference, Brigham Young issued a circular announcing to Latter-day Saints everywhere the intended spring departure. They would leave for "a far distant region of the West," it said, where they would begin "a new epoch . . . in the history of the Church."²⁵

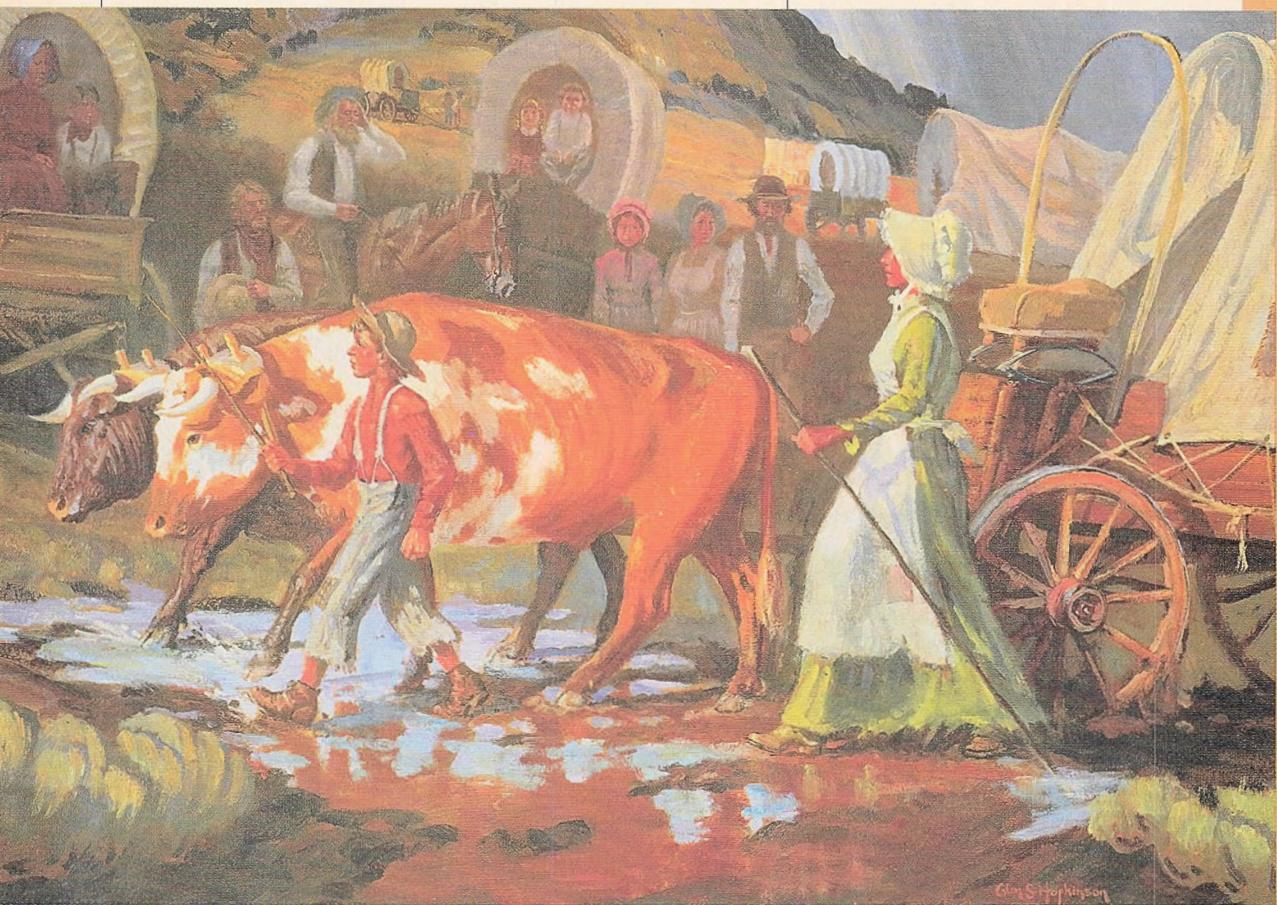
The enthusiasm and optimism of the leaders proved contagious. During the winter, nearly six

thousand members received temple ordinances, and "the spirit of removal" took such deep root in the Nauvoo Saints that the "great majority," according to Brigham Young, "could not have been hired to stay even under the most favorable circumstances." Convinced that the time had fully come for the Church to be "transplanted into a far distant country in order to carry out the designs of our heavenly father," President Young ordered the crossing of the Mississippi River to begin in February rather than awaiting spring.²⁶

"Nauvoo is no place for the Saints," he told his brother soon after departing. "Do not think . . . I hate

Bear River Valley," or as "the country east of the Utah and Salt Lakes and West of the Rocky Mountains."²⁸

President Young remained unwilling to proclaim a specific destination without a spiritual confirmation that they had reached the "place prepared." Because he had been guarded about their destination when they left Nauvoo, many of the Saints had only a hazy idea where they might be headed.



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to leave my house and home. No! far from that. I am so free from bondage at this time, that Nauvoo looks like a prison to me. It looks pleasant ahead, but dark to look back."²⁷

Minutes, diaries, and letters written between the Mississippi crossing in February 1846 and entrance into the Salt Lake Valley in July 1847 document that Brigham Young did not—and perhaps could not—declare a precise destination until after he saw the actual place he had seen in vision months earlier. Letters from Winter Quarters described the expected destination as "west of the Rocky Mountains, and within the basin of the Great Salt Lake or

Erastus Snow, later a member of the Twelve, recalled that when those who had followed in faith asked their destination, President Young replied, "I will show you when we come to it . . . I have seen it in vision, and when my natural eyes behold it, I shall know it."²⁹

As the pioneers approached the mountains, their leaders learned, from Jim Bridger and others, important details that

We are here, thank the Almighty God," Brigham Young said to the first Latter-day Saints in the Salt Lake Valley, "for here is the place of beginning."



pioneers' advance party into the Salt Lake Valley. A letter of instruction he prepared told them to "bear toward the region of the Salt Lake" and there select a camp "regardless of a future location." Because of the lateness of the season, the object was to find a spot and begin planting immediately.³¹ Accordingly, the advance party under the direction of Orson Pratt explored the valley before selecting, on July 22, a place to camp and plant.

served to narrow their focus. Settlers had already arrived in the northern Bear River Valley, near the main Oregon and California emigrant trail. The valley near Utah Lake was a prime Indian stronghold. It appeared that the area north of Utah Lake and south of Bear River offered, as President Young wrote on July 3, the best prospects "for the present at least."³⁰

Because of illness, Brigham Young did not accompany the

The vanguard chose well. When he first gazed upon the valley, Brigham Young recorded, the "Spirit of Light rested on me and hovered over the valley, and I felt that there the Saints would find protection and safety." Years later, Wilford Woodruff elaborated: "He had seen the valley before in vision, and upon this occasion he saw the future glory of Zion and of Israel, as they would be, planted in the valleys of these mountains." When the vision had passed, President Young said, "It is enough. This is the right place. Drive on."³²

Once in the valley, Brigham Young did not immediately designate a site for a city. "It is contemplated to commence a location here," noted Heber Kimball

in his diary, "although we design looking round further." Specifically, President Young was interested in a hill from which a banner could fly above the future temple and city. On July 26, though still weak, he insisted on climbing "a high Peak in the edge of the mountain which was considered a good place to raise an ensign."³³ From on top of what was soon called Ensign Peak, or Ensign Hill, Brigham Young duplicated to his satisfaction the view he had seen in vision before. All hesitancy gone, he was now ready to formally designate the site. The next day the Twelve moved their wagons from the camp "to the intended site of the City," and on July 28 they met in council to

confirm the location. That evening, Brigham convened a meeting of all the camp "on the spot intended for a temple lot."

"I know," he testified, that this "is the spot, and we have come here according to the suggestion and direction of Joseph Smith. . . . The word of the Lord, was, 'go to that valley and the best place you can find in it is the spot.' Well, I prayed that he would lead us directly to the best spot, which he has done, for after searching we can find no better."³⁴

Before he arrived, Brigham Young had appeared tentative and flexible. Once upon the ground, however, he repeatedly affirmed that they had found

the place prepared. "This is the Spot that I [h]av[e] anticipated," he repeated to the pioneers before returning to Winter Quarters for his family. "J[oseph] S[mith] and myself [h]ad both seen this place years ago," he testified during the first Pioneer Day celebration in 1849, "& that is why we [a]r[e] here."³⁵

In the isolation of these mountains they found a stronghold that met their expectations. The quest was over. It was, declared President Young, "a first-rate place to raise Saints." Furthermore, he insisted, if they lived worthily, the Lord would never allow them to be driven from this promised land.³⁶

Never would the Saints forget that they had come to the Rocky Mountains to escape violence and persecution. Never would they forget that their exodus here was not by chance. They had, in Orson Pratt's words, "been driven by our enemies to the very spot that Jehovah wanted us to be."³⁷ □

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NOTES

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2. Thomas Bullock Minutes, 24 Sept. 1848, Church Archives.

3. *Painesville (Ohio) Telegraph*, 18 Jan. 1831; and Wilford Woodruff Discourse, in Conference Report, Apr. 1898, p. 57. For detailed documentation of early foreknowledge, see Esplin, "Quest for Promised Refuge," pp. 86–88.

4. *Journal of Discourses*, 26 vols., London: Latter-day Saints' Book Depot, 1854–1886, 4:41.

5. Discourse, 17 Feb. 1856, *Journal of Discourses*, 3:209.

6. Heber C. Kimball, *President Heber C. Kimball's Journal*. Seventh Book of the Faith-Promoting Series, Salt Lake City: Juvenile Instructor's Office, 1882, pp. 77–78. See also Esplin, "Quest for Promised Refuge," pp. 89–90.

7. William Clayton Diary, 1 Mar. 1845, as reproduced in Andrew F. Ehat, "It Seems Like Heaven Began on Earth: Joseph Smith and the Constitution of the Kingdom of God," *BYU Studies*, 20 (Spring 1980): 253–80; and Thomas Burdick to Joseph Smith, 28 Aug. 1840, Joseph Smith Collection, Church Archives.

8. Oliver Olney letters, 20 July and 4 and 6 Oct. 1842, Beinecke Library, Yale University; microfilm in Church Archives.

9. Discourse, 16 Mar. 1856, *Journal of Discourses*, 3:257–58. For more information on "The Rocky Mountain Prophecy," see Esplin, "Quest for Promised Refuge," p. 92.

10. Joseph Smith Diary, 20 Feb. 1844, Joseph Smith Collection, Church Archives. See also entry for 23 Feb. and Wilford Woodruff Diary, 21 and 23 Feb. 1844, Wilford Woodruff Papers, Church Archives.

11. Thomas Bullock Minutes, 8 Apr. 1846, and Brigham Young Discourse, 11 Dec. 1864, *Journal of Discourses*, 11:16.

12. Wilford Woodruff Diary and Thomas Bullock Minutes, 8 Apr. 1844.

13. Wilford Woodruff Diary, 8 Apr. 1844, and Esplin, "Quest for Promised Refuge," pp. 95–96.

14. *Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith*, Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Co., 1938, p. 362.

15. Brigham Young Diary, 23–24 Jan. 1845, Brigham Young Papers.

16. Thomas Ford to Brigham Young, 8 Apr. 1845, Brigham Young Papers.

17. George A. Smith Diary, 1 Jan. 1845, George A. Smith Papers, Church Archives; and William Clayton Diary, p. 269; see also p. 271, entries for 11 and 15 Apr. 1845.

18. Discourse, 11 Dec. 1864, *Journal of Discourses*, 11:16.

19. Discourse, 17 Feb. 1856, *Journal of Discourses*, 3:209; see also Esplin, "Quest for Promised Refuge," pp. 98–99.

20. Minutes, 9 Mar. 1845, Seventies Book B, Church Archives.

21. Discourse, 20 June 1869, *Journal of Discourses*, 13:85–86.

22. John D. Lee Diary, 13 Jan. 1846, Church Archives.

23. Brigham Young to Sam Brannan, 15 Sept. 1845, Brigham Young Papers.

24. See Esplin, "Quest for Promised Refuge," pp. 102–3.

25. Willard Richards Diary, 4 Oct. 1845, Willard Richards Papers, Church Archives; *Times and Seasons*, 6 (1 Nov. 1845): 1010–11; and Circular to the Churches, Broadside, 8 Oct. 1845, Church Archives.

26. Brigham Young and Council to James Emmett, 26 Mar. 1846, Brigham Young Papers.

27. Brigham Young to Joseph Young, 9 Mar. 1846, Brigham Young Papers.

28. "Quest for Promised Refuge," p. 105. This region corresponds roughly to the area from present-day Spanish Fork, Utah, on the south northward into Idaho. See Esplin, "Quest for Promised Refuge," pp. 105–8.

29. Discourse, 14 Sept. 1873, *Journal of Discourses*, 16:207.

30. Brigham Young to Amasa Lyman, Charles Rich, et al., 3 July 1847, Brigham Young Papers.

31. Willard Richards and George A. Smith to Orson Pratt, 21 July 1847, *Journal History*, Church Archives.

32. Manuscript History of Brigham Young, 23 July 1847, Church Archives; and Wilford Woodruff Address, 24 July 1880, *The Utah Pioneers*, p. 23, quoted in B. H. Roberts, *A Comprehensive History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Century I*, 6 vols., (Salt Lake City: Deseret News Press, 1930), 3:224.

33. Heber C. Kimball Diary, 24 and 26 July 1847; and Wilford Woodruff Diary, 26 July 1847.

34. Thomas Bullock Diary, 27 July 1847, Church Archives; and Norton Jacobs Diary, 28 July 1847, typescript, Church Archives.

35. Thomas Bullock Minutes, 8 Aug. 1847 and 24 July 1849.

36. Discourse, 21 Sept. 1856, *Journal of Discourses*, 4:51–52; Minutes, 14 May 1848, Church Archives.

37. Thomas Bullock Minutes, 14 Nov. 1847.



Many descendants of early settlers still live in the state, and their descendants continue to contribute to its growth and development.

A beautiful painting by Minerva Teichert depicts a covered wagon train moving westward across the plains. The painting shows a woman in a yellow dress riding a horse, a man in a blue shirt and hat riding a mule, and a woman in a green dress standing next to a large brown oxen. The background features rolling hills under a clear blue sky.

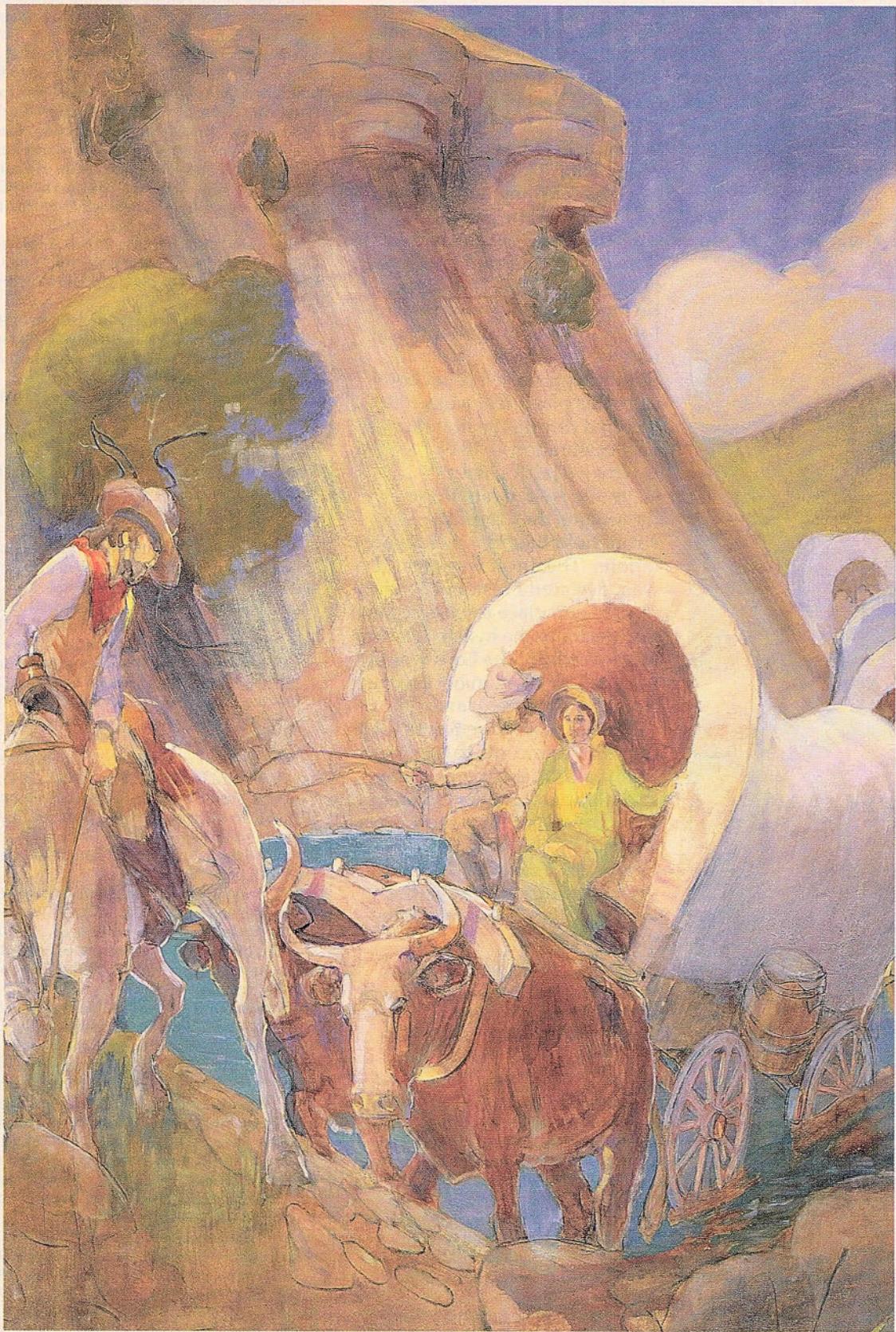
Minerva Teichert's painting, "Covered Wagon Pioneers," is a classic example of her style. She has painted many scenes of pioneer life, including scenes of people traveling by covered wagon, people working in the fields, and people in their homes.

Minerva Teichert was born in 1889 in Salt Lake City, Utah. She studied at the University of Utah and later at the University of California, Berkeley. She married a man named Charles Teichert in 1912 and they had three children: a son, a daughter, and a son.

Minerva Teichert's painting, "Covered Wagon Pioneers," is a classic example of her style. She has painted many scenes of pioneer life, including scenes of people traveling by covered wagon, people working in the fields, and people in their homes.

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*The early
pioneers are
our shared
heritage.*



"COVERED WAGON PIONEERS," BY MINERVA TEICHERT; COURTESY OF TEMPLE SQUARE HOTEL

They Belong to Us All

Cone of my favorite Scotsmen is named Jose. His mother is Basque, but he is a dyed-in-the-tartan Scot and a member of the Church. He was born in Scotland and, during the time our family lived there, he delighted in showing us the castles dotting his native land. "You don't have castles in America? That's a shame," he would say.

Although he is a first-generation Scot, he knows the stories of Bonnie Prince Charlie and Mary, Queen of Scots, and feels that they belong to him. His dark curling hair, dreamy eyes, and olive complexion belie the prototypical image of the Scot; nevertheless, no one who knows him doubts his allegiance.

Like Jose, many members of the Church live in lands different from their ancestors. For some, the change was made one or two generations ago; for others, only a few weeks or months have passed since they began life in a new culture. Though many have kept some of their native customs and beliefs, it is likely that they will also adopt some of the ideals and traditions of their new homelands. Similarly, many converts to the Church have found that joining the Church means "adopting" the Church's pioneer heritage as a part of their own.

Although more than half of all current Church members have no personal connection with pre-twentieth-century pioneer Utah, few Latter-day Saints would deny that we can learn much from those nineteenth-century pioneers. They offer us a multitude of lessons about provident living, about sacrificing for the building up of Zion, and about creating beauty and peace wherever we may live. From the pioneers, we can also learn much about sacrifice, courage in the face of formidable odds, commitment, cooperation, and endurance.

The early Saints plowed and tilled the ground at Winter Quarters, planting seeds and weeding for those brothers and sisters in the gospel who would follow. In addition, Brigham Young chose the site for the Salt Lake Temple within a

week of the Saints' arrival in the Salt Lake Valley. But the construction took forty years, and he died many years before the temple's dedication. More than one of the workers and craftsmen who worked on the temple must have thought, "I hope I live to see this completed."

But whether or not they were personally able to enjoy the blessings of the temple they were building, they knew that it deserved their best effort—that they were building for eternity and for those who would embrace the gospel after they were gone. They were building for us. In that sense also, the great pioneer heritage belongs to all of us.

Many members of the Church are their own "pioneers"—the first in their family to accept the gospel, or some of the first members to help build up the Church in a particular area of the world. One of my Scottish friends told me that during the sesquicentennial celebration of the Church in the British Isles, their family realized for the first time how many Saints had emigrated to Utah in the nineteenth century. Their family identifies more with those Saints who stayed, put up with persecution and misunderstanding, and helped build up the Church in the British Isles. Indeed, though they didn't cross the plains, they were "pioneering," too!

Beth Hakanson is another "pioneer"; she was baptized as a young woman in Chicago. Although she has also lived in Oregon, far from where the pioneers settled in the Salt Lake Valley, she has a great deal of respect for the pioneers. "I definitely feel a kinship with them because I am a pioneer in my family. The story of the pioneers is not just a story of people coming to live in Utah. It is also the story of the gospel and the growth of the kingdom of God."

Like Beth, Rose Thompson, who was born in England, feels a kinship with the Mormon pioneers despite the fact that her ancestors were not among those who emigrated to Utah. She recalls being ill at age ten, and thinking about the pioneers'

By Sydney
Smith Reynolds

courage in the face of hardship. "I wondered what would have happened to me if I had been a pioneer crossing the plains instead of tucked up in a bed with a doctor only a phone call away," she says. "I concluded that I would have died along the way. I gave thanks that I belong to this generation and determined to bear up under my problems as the pioneers did under theirs."

After her marriage, Rose and her husband moved to Edinburgh. There they often visited an elderly sister who had served as a "pioneer" in the Church for many years—in both the Relief Society and the MIA. The woman, who lived in an old folks' home, had lost her husband and two sons to the sea.

"When I asked her what life was like when she was young and what she did in the Church, she just said, 'We did what needed to be done,'" says Rose. "She told me no stories, but she left me her stalwart pioneer philosophy. When I faced new and difficult situations with my children and Church assignments, I found it helped me considerably to remember: just do what needs to be done."

Tom Russell, who was born in St. Louis and joined the Church in Texas after marrying a Latter-day Saint, feels much the same way Rose does about his "adopted" pioneer heritage. Though he does not have pioneer ancestors, his wife does. "My daughters' great-great-great-grandmother reared eleven children while she plowed in the morning, did the laundry in the afternoon, and kept the books and minutes for the Brigham Young Academy in the evening," he says. "That's a powerful example for me, and I want my children to know that in this family, we hang in there when the going gets tough."

Jeff and Sherry Burger, who joined the Church in Florida and currently operate a family business in Europe, enjoy the pioneering spirit they feel among European Latter-day Saints. The Burgers find accounts of the early Saints' lives faith-promoting. "I love to read or hear about the experiences of the pioneers," Jeff says. "I am very affected by their trials and triumphs. I feel that they are my 'pioneer' ancestors whether they are blood relatives or not."

Richard Van Hagen, currently president of the Edinburgh Scotland Stake, owes his Church membership in part to the pioneers. He first became interested in the Church because of a radio program. One day, on his way to Glen Clove in the Grampian Mountains to go hill-walking, he found that the car radio signal was so faint that he couldn't hear it. He changed stations to find one he could hear better.

"The only program I could hear loud and clear was about the Mormon pioneers," he says. "I was absolutely spellbound, and I remember sitting and listening long after I had arrived at my destination, quite unable to switch the radio off and get out of the car." Until hearing the program, Brother Van Hagen knew nothing about the Church. But he was impressed by the early Saints' tenacity and faith. "I admired their determination and pluck and felt

great respect for them," he says. He feels that it was no accident that he heard the radio program. "I have sometimes wondered if it was actually broadcast at all," he says. A few weeks later, missionaries knocked on his door, and he accepted their message and joined the Church.

Karen Reynolds *does* have pioneer ancestors—who settled in Utah and in the colonies of Mexico. "I can remember having Pioneer Day celebrations on July 24, followed by pageants about the journey to Mexico. We recounted the early years there, complete with stories of living in caves dug into the river sand," she recalls. "But I never knew I would have to use the skills my parents taught me—how to work, how to can, how to bake bread, how to sew, how to make do with what you have," she says.

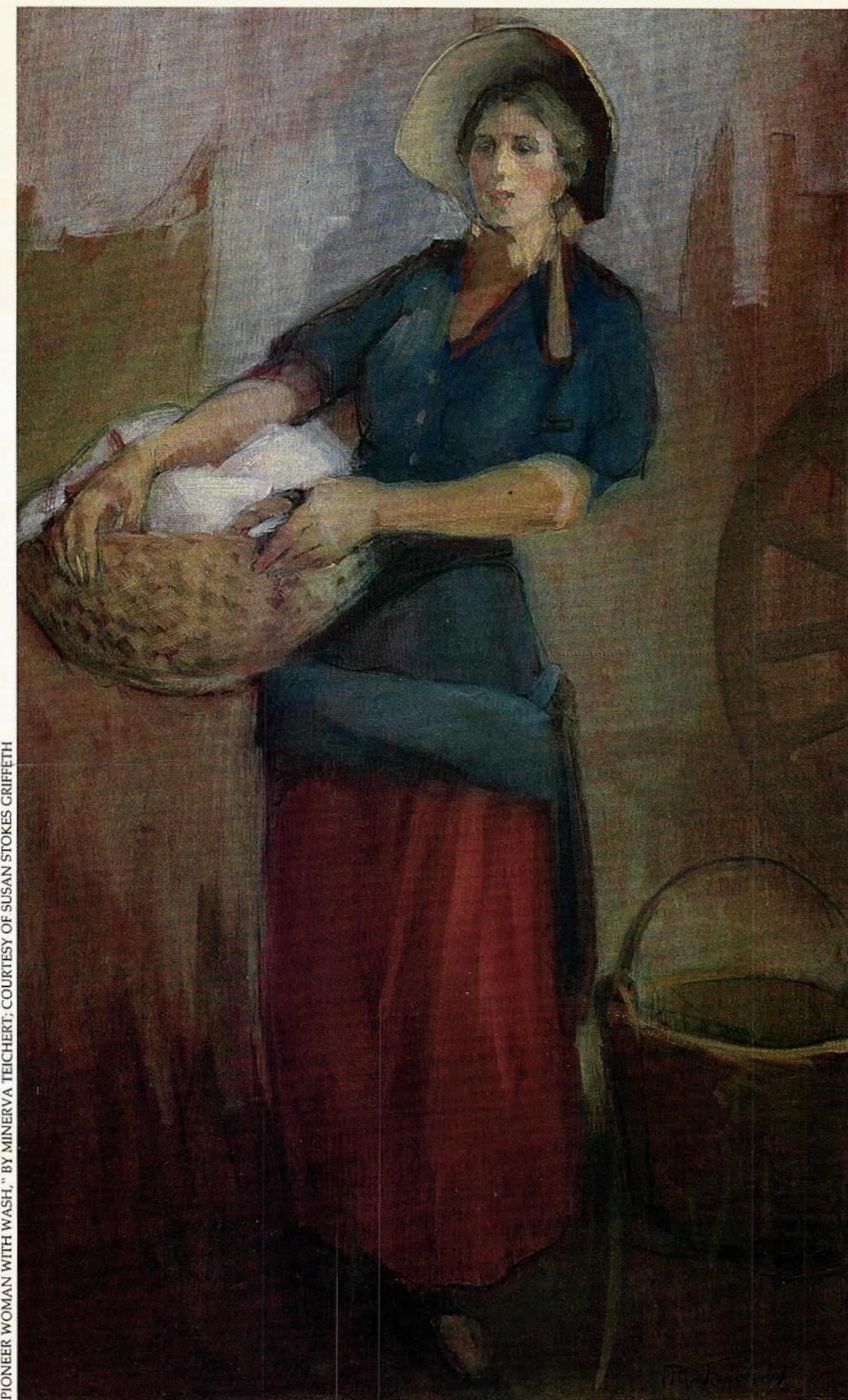
Karen and her husband have worked in ranch management in Oregon, Florida, and New Mexico. Recently, they gave up a job with a good salary and moved to Wyoming to help with a family farm because of her father-in-law's illness. "We don't regret our choice, but our pioneering skills have really been put to the test," she says. "Careful budgeting and wise buying have not been an exercise in provident living stimulated by a Relief Society lesson. They have been an absolute necessity for us."

"Making do" is not the only thing Karen has learned from those nineteenth-century pioneers. Last year, she and her husband lost a baby. "I thought my heart would break when we laid him in that cold grave," she recalls. Days later, confined to bed because of medical problems, Karen was still grieving. A ward member brought her a stack of books—including one of pioneer stories. "As I skimmed through that book, I was reminded how many of those women had left their little ones in shallow graves by the trail. My baby has a coffin and a marker, and I can visit the spot. It wasn't easy, but I started to count my blessings. They went forward in faith, and I can, too."

I, too, am grateful for our pioneer heritage. Stories about my own family are a frequent source of inspiration, courage, and blessing. And as I read about the early Saints, I feel as if I know many of them. I believe that they caught the vision of being engaged in a great work that was not limited by the mountains surrounding their own small valleys or the blood of their own lineage. I believe that they may empathize with us as we face our own problems as latter-day pioneers.

Today, the Church is led by first-generation converts from the far corners of the globe as well as by sons and daughters of great pioneer families. But, regardless of our unique biological heritage, we are brothers and sisters in the gospel of Jesus Christ, and we are engaged in his work together. The pioneer heritage belongs to all of us. □

Sydney Smith Reynolds, a great-great-granddaughter of Hyrum Smith, is a Primary teacher in the Orem Twenty-third Ward, Orem Utah Sharon Stake.



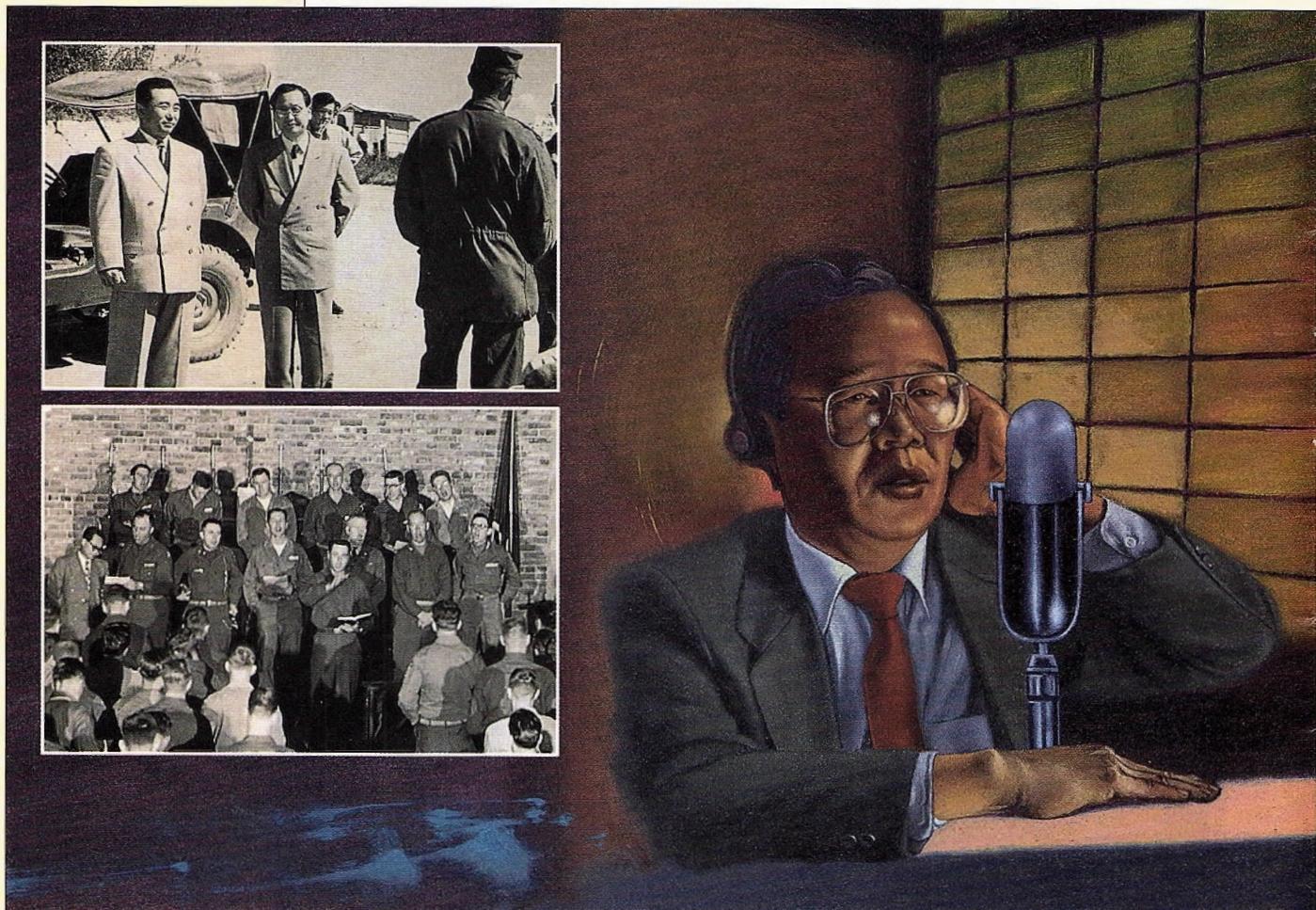
"PIONEER WOMAN WITH WASH," BY MINERVA TEICHERT; COURTESY OF SUSAN STOKES GRIFFETH

Regardless of our unique biological heritage, we are brothers and sisters in the gospel of Jesus Christ, and we are engaged in his work together. The pioneer heritage belongs to all of us.

By Denny Roy

During the 1950s, he used his considerable personal prestige to help open the way for missionary work.

KIM HO JIK:



Kim Ho Jik (top left photo, center) was closely associated with many LDS servicemen stationed in Korea. He sang (bottom left photo, on the first row) with a choir of LDS servicemen in a 1954 meeting at an army base chapel. Invited to speak on national radio about biology (right), he devoted much time to talking about the Church.

KOREAN PIONEER

Latter-day Saints know that revelation and prophecy have foretold the spread of the gospel throughout the world in the latter days. Few realize, though, how clearly this has been manifest in Korea. Not a single Korean national was a member of the LDS Church until 1951, but today, little more than a generation later, South Korea has fourteen stakes and a temple.

Much of this growth must be attributed to the work and influence of modern-day pioneer Kim Ho Jik.

Born 16 April 1905 in the province of Pyongan-Pukdo (now part of North Korea), Kim Ho Jik moved south as a teenager to attend school in Suwon, a farm town south of Seoul. He graduated from Suwon Advanced Agricultural and Forestry School in 1924, then earned a bachelor's degree in biology from Tohoku University in Japan, graduating in 1930. His comparatively advanced education allowed him to rise quickly to positions of influence. After his return to Korea, he became president of Sukmyeong Women's University. Then, in 1946, he was appointed director of the Suwon Agricultural Experimentation Station.

Kim Yeon Jun, a former colleague and now president of Hanyang University in Seoul, remembers that "the thing [Kim Ho Jik] seemed most concerned about was finding ways to improve the quality of life for Koreans."¹ Kim Ho Jik focused his research on



ways to improve nutrition in the Korean diet.

But he longed to learn more about the latest theories and discoveries in agriculture. American scientists who worked with him at the experimentation station encouraged this desire, pointing out that Korea desperately needed well-educated leaders in science and education. Syngman Rhee, president of South Korea, wanted to send him to America to learn more efficient ways of feeding their country's malnourished population.² So Kim Ho Jik made plans to enroll at Cornell University in New York, which had one of the world's top graduate study programs in nutrition.

A yearning for education was not the only passion that filled his heart as he journeyed to the United States in 1949. Since his youth he had been interested in religion and had investigated several churches. None had satisfied his lingering spiritual hunger. As a boy, he had dabbled in Cheon-Do Kyo (The Church of the Heavenly Way), a Korean religious movement. He studied in a Buddhist monastery. In 1925, he joined a Protestant church and became an elder in that organization.

Han In Sang, an early LDS convert in Korea and now director of the regional Presiding Bishopric Office in Seoul, recalls: "Dr. Kim had great faith in orthodox Christian concepts, such as Jesus Christ as

the Savior, but he had some dissatisfaction with other aspects of the Protestant churches—the theological confusion and the false doctrines, like predestination.³ The sudden death of his third son in 1935 had deepened Kim Ho Jik's longing for spiritual satisfaction.

Long before he came to America, he believed in the Spirit of God and sought its guidance. His faith served him well just before he left his homeland, when he felt compelled to sell his stately home, his cars, and his other possessions. He gave the cash raised from these sales to his wife and children to live on. To critics of this apparently purposeless act, Kim Ho Jik replied only that the Spirit had instructed him to do so.⁴

A few months after he arrived in America, the reason became clear. War broke out with the North Korean invasion of June 1950. Bombs destroyed his former home, and the South Korean government confiscated all autos for use by the military. But Kim Ho Jik's family remained financially secure in his absence.

Kim Ho Jik hoped the Spirit would help him find the "true church" in America.⁵ While he completed a doctoral degree at Cornell, he attended meetings of various churches in and around Ithaca, New York. But the answer he was seeking lay at his very doorstep.

The Korean educator shared an office with Oliver Wayman, a doctoral candidate in physiology. Like his office companion, Oliver Wayman was older than most of the other graduate students. He also happened to be a Latter-day Saint.

The two men became good friends. Their wide-ranging discussions, however, did not include religion—until one day shortly before Brother Wayman was to leave Cornell, when his Korean friend asked if he had any literature about his church.

"I have never seen you smoke or drink," Kim Ho Jik told Brother Wayman. "I have never heard you use vulgar language or profane the name of God. You work harder and longer hours than any of the others, but I have never seen you here on Sunday. You are different in so many ways. I wonder if you would tell me why you live as you do?"⁶

Brother Wayman gave him a copy of *The Articles of Faith* by Elder James E. Talmage. Kim Ho Jik read the book within a week. "He told me it was the best book on the gospel he had ever read and that he believed it thoroughly,"⁷ Brother Wayman recalls. Given a copy of the Book of Mormon, the Korean read it quickly and reported to his American friend that he believed it to be the word of God. It was, he said, more complete and easier to understand than the Bible.⁸

Though Kim Ho Jik responded favorably to LDS doctrine, he still believed his Protestant church could reform itself from within by incorporating some of the teachings of the LDS Church.⁹ He began to attend the local LDS branch but also continued to attend his Protestant meetings.

On Brother Wayman's last day at Cornell, he was making the rounds to say good-bye to friends when

Kim Ho Jik approached him. Brother Wayman felt impelled to ask the Korean why he had decided to leave his homeland and family to study in the United States. The Korean scholar responded that he needed the new knowledge in nutrition available at Cornell for the benefit of his people.¹⁰

Then, Brother Wayman recalls:

"I bore my testimony . . . and told him that it was my opinion that the Lord had moved upon him to come to America . . . in order that he might receive the gospel and take it back to his people in preparation for a great missionary work to be done there. . . . I informed him . . . that if he refused to do the work the Lord had for him, . . . another would be raised up in his place."¹¹

Brother Wayman never saw Kim Ho Jik again, but he left New York "sure that the Spirit which touched me when I bore my testimony to him touched him at the same time. I could see a change in his expression."¹²

Kim Ho Jik's outlook had indeed changed. He continued to study the gospel avidly, but now with an eye toward baptism. Don C. and Geneal Wood, Seneca District missionaries who taught him, recall, "As soon as we would begin any type of review with Brother Kim, he would hold up his hands and say emphatically, 'No, no, I have already accepted that. Let us go on.'"¹³

His receptiveness endured even through a discussion of the Word of Wisdom, which the Woods feared might be difficult because of the popularity of tea in the Orient. As Elder Wood finished reading the eighty-ninth section of the Doctrine and Covenants, tears flowed down Brother Kim's cheeks.

"Oh," he sobbed, "if only I had known all of this when I came here. My government wanted me to find ways to feed our people properly, and without sufficient grazing lands for cattle, we did not know how to do this. My whole time studying in America has been to find ways to feed our people through the grains the Lord has always intended for us to use."¹⁴ The tea issue was never raised; Brother Kim accepted the Lord's health code wholeheartedly.

When the missionary discussions were completed, Brother Kim was not only ready to join the Church, but he wanted to be baptized at the same site as were Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery. On 29 July 1951, in the Susquehanna River near the marker commemorating the first baptisms in the restored Church, Seneca Branch President Joseph A. Dye baptized the first Korean Latter-day Saint. As he arose from the water, Brother Kim said he heard a voice saying, "Feed my sheep, feed my sheep." He later recorded the event in the flyleaf of his scriptures, writing below the date of his baptism: "Words given—Feed my sheep."¹⁵

A few days before he finished his doctoral program and returned to Korea in September of 1951, Brother Kim attended the Hill Cumorah Pageant with Brother and Sister Wood. On Sunday, they attended a special testimony meeting for local missionaries in

the Sacred Grove. After the meeting, Brother Kim met President David O. McKay, who was also attending the meeting. "As we walked from the grove," Brother Wood said, "Brother Kim cradled his right hand in his left and, with his cheeks still moist, he kept repeating, 'I have shaken the hand of the Prophet of God.'"¹⁶

Thousands of miles from the Sacred Grove, Brother Kim's homeland was now littered with the pieces of a civilization shattered by war. Thousands had died, cities and industries had been reduced to rubble, and the homes and livelihood of millions had been destroyed. Hungry refugees lived in makeshift huts. It was in this setting that Brother Kim undertook the Lord's errand—to feed his sheep. But he did not face this awesome task without assistance.

In South Korea, war had brought a semblance of Church organization through the worship meetings held by LDS servicemen on military bases. Brother Kim attended these meetings and began his proselyting career by inviting the servicemen, some of them former missionaries, to teach his family. They taught in English, with Brother Kim translating. He also joined these unofficial missionaries in seeking other investigators. By July 1952, there were enough Korean investigators to have their own Sunday School meetings separate from the servicemen.¹⁷

When one of Brother Kim's former students confided that she was severely depressed and considering suicide, he told her:

"Dear sister, I know of a gospel—a wonderful gospel—capable of giving you new hope, new life. If you study it and pray to God, I promise you these things: health, happiness, joy and a desire to help others find those things, too."¹⁸

She and her daughter were among the first four baptisms in Korea, at Songdo Beach in Pusan on 3 August 1952. The other two new members were Brother Kim's son Tai Whan and daughter Young Sook.

His oldest daughter, Jung Sook, was baptized in a swimming pool on the Soyoung Army Post in 1953. "The water was warm," she says, "but the weather was bitterly cold. Yet I was so happy I just didn't realize how cold it was."¹⁹

Brother Kim invited investigators into his home for weekly cottage meetings. He translated for American Church members, and sometimes he taught the investigators himself. One Korean who attended several of these meetings heard Brother Kim say more than once that "the thing this war-torn

land needed more than anything else was a spiritual rebuilding."²⁰

While the number of Korean converts was gradually increasing, Brother Kim also found success in his secular pursuits. He was appointed president of the National Fisheries College at Pusan, which had been inoperative because of the war. Within a few months, he had it fully functional, a feat that amazed many observers. During a celebration in his honor, Brother Kim told assembled parents and teachers, "I cannot accept any of the credit. I asked of God, and he is the one who accomplished the unbelievable."²¹

Blessed with administrative adeptness and the humility to seek divine help, Brother Kim advanced quickly to other prestigious positions: dean of the College of Animal Husbandry at Konkuk University; president of Hong Ik College; chief Korean representative to UNESCO; chairman of the Seoul Board of Education; and vice-minister of education for South Korea. He also authored several highly-praised scientific publications.

The social status Kim Ho Jik achieved is significant. Says Brother Han, "It was vital that such a politically and socially powerful person be involved in the establishment of the Church in Korea. Without Dr. Kim, [it] would have been delayed for a couple of decades."²²

Indeed, approval of official legal status for the Church in South Korea appeared unlikely. "The name *Mormon* meant 'heathen,' 'pagan,'" Brother Han recalls. LDS missionaries were not allowed in Korea because "they were not recognized . . . as decent Christian missionaries."²³

Brother Kim's appointment to the Seoul Board of Education in 1956 proved fortunate, since all the city's religious matters came under its jurisdiction. He personally took before the board a proposal for the Church's incorporation in Korea. With his endorsement, it passed. "It was almost a miracle," Brother Han says.²⁴

Kim Ho Jik also put his reputation on the line to gain permission for LDS missionaries to enter South Korea, agreeing to be their financial sponsor and guaranteeing that they would do no harm to the Korean people. The first two full-time missionaries arrived from Japan in April 1956.

Brother Kim's positive influence on the first generation of Korean Saints was perhaps equal in importance to his impact on missionary work. Brother Han, a former president of the Korean Mission and the first Korean to serve as a regional representative, joined the Church as a high school student. In 1956, he began attending the branch where Brother Kim taught Sunday School. He remembers that "Dr. Kim was the unofficial patriarchal figure and spiritual leader for all the Korean Saints. His integrity was a great strength to new members and investigators. We would think, 'If Dr. Kim says he accepts this principle, we don't need to worry about his truthfulness or his sincerity.'"²⁵

"Even though he was the vice-minister of education, he would mingle with us teenagers," Brother

Kim Ho Jik shared the gospel freely. He told one severely depressed student, "I know of a gospel—a wonderful gospel—capable of giving you new hope, new life."

Han adds. "No one would expect something like that in Korean society. A man in his kind of position in the government would never do things like that with lay citizens, especially people as young and poor as we were. But he . . . was not ashamed to be with his brothers in the gospel, regardless of age, race, social rank, title, or whatever."²⁶

Brother Kim's rapport with young people proved valuable, since so many of the new Korean members were high school or college students. Rhee Ho Nam, another early convert who went on to serve as a mission president and regional representative, comments, "His whole purpose became to teach these young future leaders of the kingdom of God in Korea."²⁷

His former pupils say much of Brother Kim's most effective teaching was through example. "Korean society was rough immediately after the war," says Brother Han. "Every day you could walk home, since there was not much public transportation in those days, and in more than half of the houses you passed, you could hear noisy quarrels between hungry wives and their drunken husbands. But Dr. Kim was living a heavenly life—there are no other words for the way he treated his wife and his family."²⁸

Kim Ho Jik once told a group of Korean Saints, "I wouldn't care if I had to give up my life, or my money, or my title, as long as I could be with my Savior."²⁹ If any of his listeners doubted his sincerity, the events of his life proved his commitment to serving God.

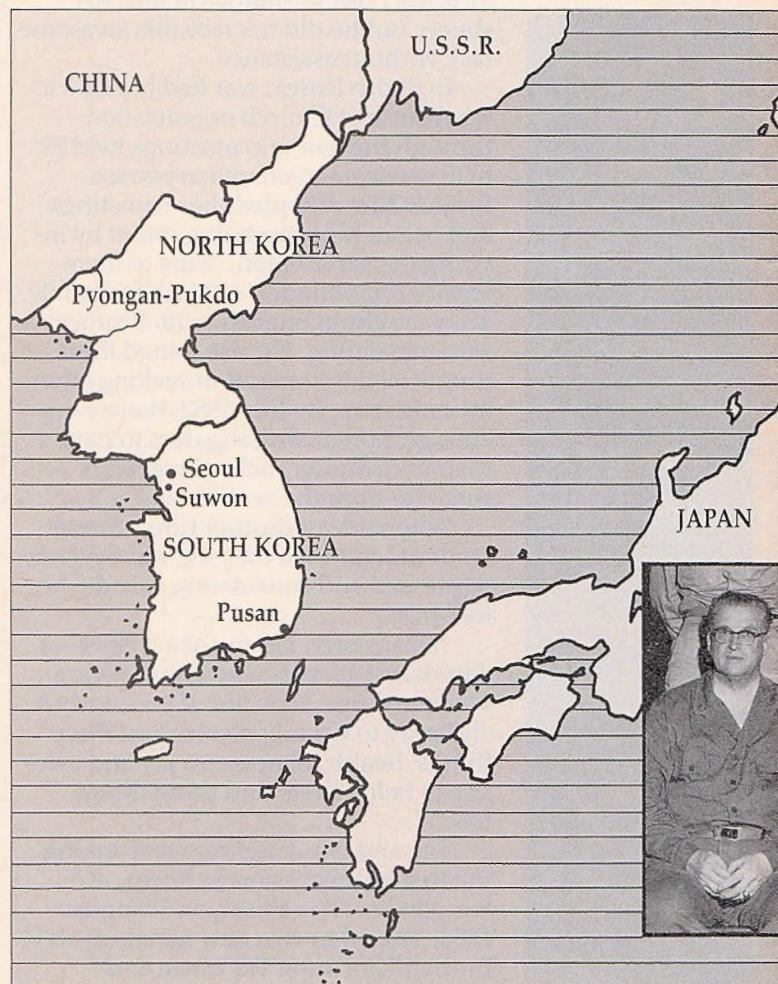
Once, for example, the Korea Broadcasting System invited him to lecture on a topic in biology during a nationwide broadcast. "During the entire ten minutes he was on, he talked only about the Church," says Park Jae Am, a supervisor in the Presiding Bishopric's regional office in Seoul. "It was just like he was talking in his Sunday School class."³⁰

Brother Kim also made a memorably bold statement of dedication to his faith in an episode that almost seems drawn from the Book of Daniel. Korean President Syngman Rhee decided one Sunday that he urgently needed to consult with his vice-minister of education. After searching for several hours, the president's secretary found Kim Ho Jik teaching his Sunday School class. Brother Kim refused to leave until he finished his lesson. President Rhee, notorious for his harshness, was irate. But Brother Kim calmly explained that he considered nothing more important than his Sunday School assignment and that he felt obliged to finish it before responding to the president's summons. President Rhee patted Brother Kim on the shoulder and said, "Well done."³¹

Brother Kim resigned his national post in July of 1956 "because I wished to dedicate more time and energy to our Church."³² He had been president of the Yurak-Dong Branch, and he had become the first Korea District president in 1955, holding that position until his death. His work included translating several pieces of Church literature from English into Korean.

Brother Kim represented Korea at a United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization meeting in India in August of 1959. Shortly after his return home, he met with Rhee Ho Nam, who noted that Brother Kim looked tired. Brother Kim replied that he had felt ill during the FAO conference and was anxious to return home so he would not die in India.³³ Less than a month later, on August 31, he died of a stroke.

During Brother Kim's funeral, "the presidents of nearly every university and college in Korea came around to pay their respects," says F. Ray Hawkins, a missionary in Korea during the late 1950s. "Every single one of those men said that Brother Kim had



personally, more than once, invited them out to church and had discussions about the gospel."³⁴ Brother Hawkins's observation suggests a fitting epitaph: though he walked among the elite, Kim Ho Jik's prestige was to him a mere tool for building the kingdom of God.

His service in the Church lasted only eight years, but his impact on its establishment in Korea is immeasurable. He was an exemplar of a new kind of Mormon pioneer, the kind who takes the gospel into new lands where the word *Mormon* is essentially

unknown and the name of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has not yet been heard. □

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NOTES

1. Interview with Kim Yeon Jun in Seoul, June 1986.
2. Don C. and Geneal Wood, unpublished paper, October 1985, p. 5.
3. Interview with Han In Sang in Seoul, May 1986.
4. Wood, p. 6.
5. Ibid., p. 5.
6. Oliver Wayman, letter to author, 1 Sept. 1986.

18. Paul H. Maxwell, "Suffer It to Be So Now," *The Improvement Era*, March 1954, p. 152.

19. Shirley-Anne Younger, Gregg Newby, and Marylouise Le Cheminant, *For Those Who Dare to Dream*, Seoul: [no publisher listed], 1986, p. 13.

20. Gilbert T. Yardley and John K. Jones, "Korea and the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints," unpublished paper, p. 14.

21. Maxwell, p. 152.

22. Han, interview.

23. Ibid.

24. Ibid.

(Inset photo, left) Brother Kim was among those meeting with Hilton Robertson, president of the Northern Far East Mission, and Elder Harold B. Lee, of the Quorum of the Twelve, during their visit to Korea in the mid-1950s. (Right) Kim Ho Jik explains to Korea's president, Syngman Rhee, why he could not come immediately when summoned: he was handling an important responsibility—his Sunday School lesson.



7. Spencer J. Palmer, *The Church Encounters Asia* (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Co., 1970), p. 95.

8. Ibid.

9. Wayman.

10. Ibid.

11. Palmer, p. 96; Wayman.

12. Wayman.

13. Wood, p. 4.

14. Ibid.

15. Palmer, p. 96.

16. Wood, p. 7.

17. Han In Sang, "History of the Church in Korea," unpublished paper, p. 1.

25. Ibid.

26. Han, interview.

27. Younger et. al., pp. 20–21.

28. Han, interview.

29. Ibid.

30. Interview with Park Jae Am, Seoul, May 1986.

31. Han, interview; Park, interview; Palmer, p. 97.

32. Wood, p. 8.

33. Palmer, p. 97.

34. F. Ray Hawkins, letter to his parents, 6 Sept. 1959.

DIARY OF A

By Mollie H. Sorensen

17 July 1960

Today I was baptized into The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. When I told my sister Marilyn, she said, "Why did you do that?" When I told Mom and Daddy, they responded as if they didn't want to hear it—as if I had done something wrong. They don't understand. No one does, not even Norm.

missionaries would ask, "Well, Sister Sorensen, there will be a baptismal service this Saturday. Will you be ready?

Over and over, I gave the same reply, "No, I don't think so."

As the elders taught me the precepts of the gospel of Jesus Christ, my questions about life were answered. Using reason and logic, along with my prayers, the truth of the doctrines became crystal clear. I wanted to shout to the world, "At last I have discovered meaning to life! It is true! It is true!"

Yet, in spite of all my zeal, I was terrified to be baptized. I was taunted by thoughts such as: "Mom and Daddy won't like it. They'll be so upset with me. Norm doesn't really want me to. I don't want to be called a Mormon. People think Mormons are strange. I used to think that myself."

I was young and distraught with fears of not being accepted. But I was convinced that what I had

Mollie Sorensen shortly after her baptism.

My decision to join the Church had not been an easy one. I knew no active members of the Church. Everyone close to me was either antagonistic or indifferent to what I had done. My husband, Norman, was afraid that I would push him to reactivation in the Church. I felt alone.

Every week the

been taught was true. Knowing that, I could not turn away; and so, lacking the courage to be baptized, I sought the Lord.

One night I had gone to bed early—a rare occurrence for me. I could not sleep; my mind wrestled with the same indecision. In total surrender and frustration, I cried to Heavenly Father, "Father, I think that the Church is true. I believe that what I have been taught is right, but in order to stand up to those who will be against me, please, I must know for sure. Then I will be baptized."

Immediately I experienced a spiritual bathing that would change the course of my life and, consequently, the lives of others around me. A wave of warm light washed over my body. It seemed to enter at the crown of my head and flow through my body to my feet. I felt that I surely must be glowing. Like the prophet Lehi, I tasted of the love of God, which "filled my soul with exceedingly great joy." (1 Ne. 8:12.)

One week later I was baptized. None of my family came except my husband, who came reluctantly. The months that followed were disheartening; my acceptance of the gospel seemed to alienate me from both my husband and my family. There were times when I wanted to run from my decision—run from the theological concepts and organization—but I could not run away from the experience I had had that night. I could not run away from the love of God, for it was too sweet, too precious.

In time, things began to change:

28 August 1961

Today Norm, Donnie, and I drove down to San Jose to attend the baptism of my sister, Anita. I cannot believe it! The Spirit was vibrant as we—the six of us—gathered together in a little room of an old chapel. My sister has never looked more beautiful!

My sister Anita and I grew up together—she was eighteen months older. Soon after I began the missionary discussions, she became interested and joined me in the evenings to discuss the gospel with the missionaries. Actually, Anita had been contacted by some elders earlier, but after one discussion, she realized that neither

CONVERT

the time nor the place was right to investigate the merits of Mormonism. Daddy was very opposed to all religions—a conclusion he reached after years of studying religious history and seeing the crimes that were committed in the name of Christianity.

Daddy's feelings were still so intense when Anita started meeting the missionaries in our home that she stopped coming. Even that caused resentment. The time was right for her, wrong for Daddy.

She left for San Jose State College in the fall, and the following spring she once again began studying the gospel. By August she was ready. One month later, she began attending Brigham Young University.

1 March 1963

Tonight my sister Marilyn had her first discussion with the missionaries. I have been teaching her for some time now. It's difficult to believe it is happening! She asked to be baptized tomorrow, and she wants Norm to baptize her. I thought Norm was going to faint. He's been going to Church, but he still smokes. He told her, "Marilyn, either of these missionaries can baptize you. You don't have to have me."

She was adamant. "If you won't do it, then I won't be baptized."

He just stood there warming himself by the wall heater. Finally, he said, "I will do it."

After they left, he threw his last pack of cigarettes away. Is this for real?

The next day my husband went to see the bishop. This kind bishop allowed him to baptize my sister with the agreement that he would keep the commandments. When my husband came out of the baptismal font, he, too, had experienced a rebirth. On the way home he smilingly said, "Now, Honey, I think it's time that you and I were sealed in the temple; we can't put these things off, you know." This has been my great desire for the past three years!

One month later he was ordained an elder. One month after that, we traveled with our two tiny sons to the Manti Temple where, like generations of Sorensens before us, we were sealed as a family.

7 June 1963

Today Norm and I went through the temple with Harvey and Anita. They were sealed in the Los Angeles Temple. We believe that Heavenly Father has blessed Anita and me so that we could be together for this occasion. Who would have guessed that we would be sealed to our husbands just over one week apart! And just two months after Marilyn's baptism!

Mollie's sister Anita with their father, shortly after Anita's baptism.

23 November 1963

I've had it. I don't know why I even talk to my dad about the Church. Every time I try to convince him that the Church is true, he won't listen. Tonight I asked him, "Daddy, why are you an atheist? How can you be an atheist?"

He answered, "Now, Honey, you know better than that. I'm not an atheist; I just happen to believe that there isn't anyone on earth who knows any more about God than I do."

Why won't he listen?

inquire of Heavenly Father regarding my dad. I wanted to know if he would ever listen. "What about my dad?" I asked. "Will he ever be open to the message of the gospel of Jesus Christ?"

Still my heart yearned for my family—Mom and Daddy, my brothers.

Daddy and I seemed to lock horns whenever the subject of religion came up—until one night.



Daddy is brilliant. He was too good at debating for me, and too knowledgeable. As a small child, I would sometimes get up in the middle of the night and find him at his desk, studying some book. He was well aware of the history of Christianity and the falling away of all churches. He was convinced that none of them was right.

One night, I knelt by my son's bed to

The answer came immediately. Yes, he would accept the gospel, and through him my mother.

My heart soared! Ten years after my baptism, the time was right.

After Marilyn was baptized she began to work on Mom and Daddy, but in a different way. She was warm, loving, and affectionate. While she was attending BYU, she would send them articles, books, and letters of affection. Mother and Daddy would read her letters over and over. They even posted them on the family bulletin board. Mother fell in love with the writings of President David O. McKay. Daddy kept on reading, but said nothing—at least until September 1970.

10 September 1970

Today Mother called to say that Daddy has cancer! Oh, everything seems so bleak. He will be operated on next week. But there is a ray of hope; he has asked to be blessed by Norm and Ray (Marilyn's husband).

21 September 1970

I have been staying at the hospital every day to be near Daddy. He is in great pain from the operation. The doctor removed one kidney. Daddy holds onto my hand like a little boy. He is so appreciative of my being there. I take

two-week-old baby Shiloh with me every day. It seems odd that for so many years my daddy and I have not been able to converse without arguing, yet now we converse even without words. Our hearts ache together.

5 February 1971

Daddy has retired, though he is young to be retired. He now has time to think, and Marilyn and I feel that he is ready to hear the gospel. But what can we do? We can't let the missionaries teach him; he'll steamroller over them. Mother has been curious for years.

7 May 1971

An interesting thing happened today. Marilyn and I have been praying to know how Mom and Daddy should be taught the gospel, and today two elders knocked on their door while out tracting—and Mom and Daddy agreed to take the discussions! We will all fast next Sunday that all will go well!

19 June 1971

The most beautiful birthday present of my life. Today my mom and daddy were baptized into the Church. They are so thrilled—so ready. After the first discussion,

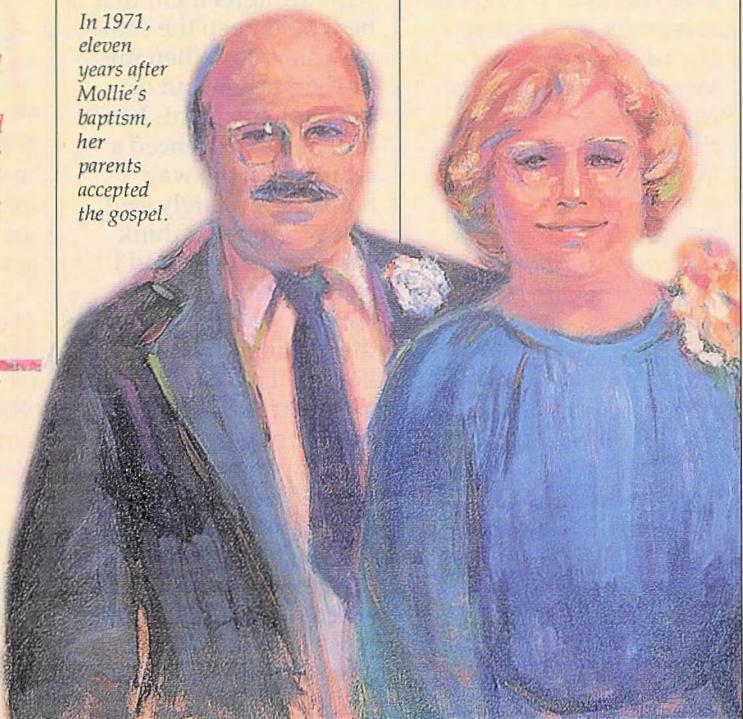
Daddy stayed up all night cross-referencing the Bible and the Book of Mormon. He wanted to make sure that all the elders had taught him was true. He and Mother have spent the last six weeks studying and praying. I have never seen anyone more prepared for baptism. Joy! My heart is full! I will always be grateful for the elders—especially Elder Adams who was humble enough to teach and to be taught by my intelligent Daddy.

One year later I recorded:

2 September 1972

Today was the second-most-special day of my life—the first was when Norm and I were sealed. Today I was sealed with my two sisters, Marilyn and Anita, to Mother and Daddy. A clear, see-forever day! I am no longer alone!

In 1971, eleven years after Mollie's baptism, her parents accepted the gospel.



Just a few months ago my brother David said to me, "I don't know what's happening, but I feel that something is changing within me. I feel myself led to do something, maybe to find out for myself if there is a God. Now, don't push me; it'll come in its own time. But just keep praying for me."

Thus, the love of God works its marvelous way. I have learned the truth of the Lord's promise: "Search diligently, pray always, and be believing, and all things shall work together for your good, if ye walk uprightly and remember the covenant wherewith ye have covenanted one with another." (D&C 90:24.) □

Mollie H. Sorensen teaches the Gospel Essentials Sunday School class in the Napa First Ward, Napa California Stake.

As my daughter stood that Sunday to bear her testimony, there wasn't a sound in the chapel. Everyone knew that when she spoke, she spoke of truth and light. She had stood tall and straight in the gospel since our family's conversion. As our bishop had said many times, she was an example to all of us.

She looked at her father and me as she began.

"I wouldn't be here today with the sure testimony I have without the wisdom and determination of my parents. I am thankful every day of my life for the sacrifices and commitments my parents made when they accepted the gospel. You may not know it, but they are of pioneer stock."

Pioneer stock! That phrase caused my thoughts to fly back through the years. Seven years before, my husband and I had moved with our children from a little town in Ohio to the Salt Lake Valley. Converts to the Church before our move, we had learned about the sacrifices and testimonies of those who had left the Midwest to settle in Salt Lake City. For some reason,

the story of the pioneers had touched an especially tender spot in me. I had an overwhelming respect for them. I never tired of hearing or thinking of them.

I had never heard about the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers before coming to Utah. But it seemed that most of my new friends were members of that organization. Since my genealogy did not include Utah pioneer ancestry, neither I nor my children could be a part of their association. No matter how much I loved the pioneers and admired what they had done, I was only "adopted" into their

honorable heritage by my conversion. Their blood would never be my blood.

My daughter continued her testimony. "My parents didn't have their homes burned by angry mobs when they joined the Church, but all of their old friends were suddenly not around after they were baptized. They didn't lose their families for the sake of the truth, but it has been an uphill climb to retain relationships with relatives who are not of our newfound faith.

"My dad gave up his career because he was in a business contrary to the Word of Wisdom. I've heard my mother cry into her pillow because of some unkind remark made by people in a 'two-child-per-family world.' I know of her testimony of how right it was to bear and nurture us eight kids.

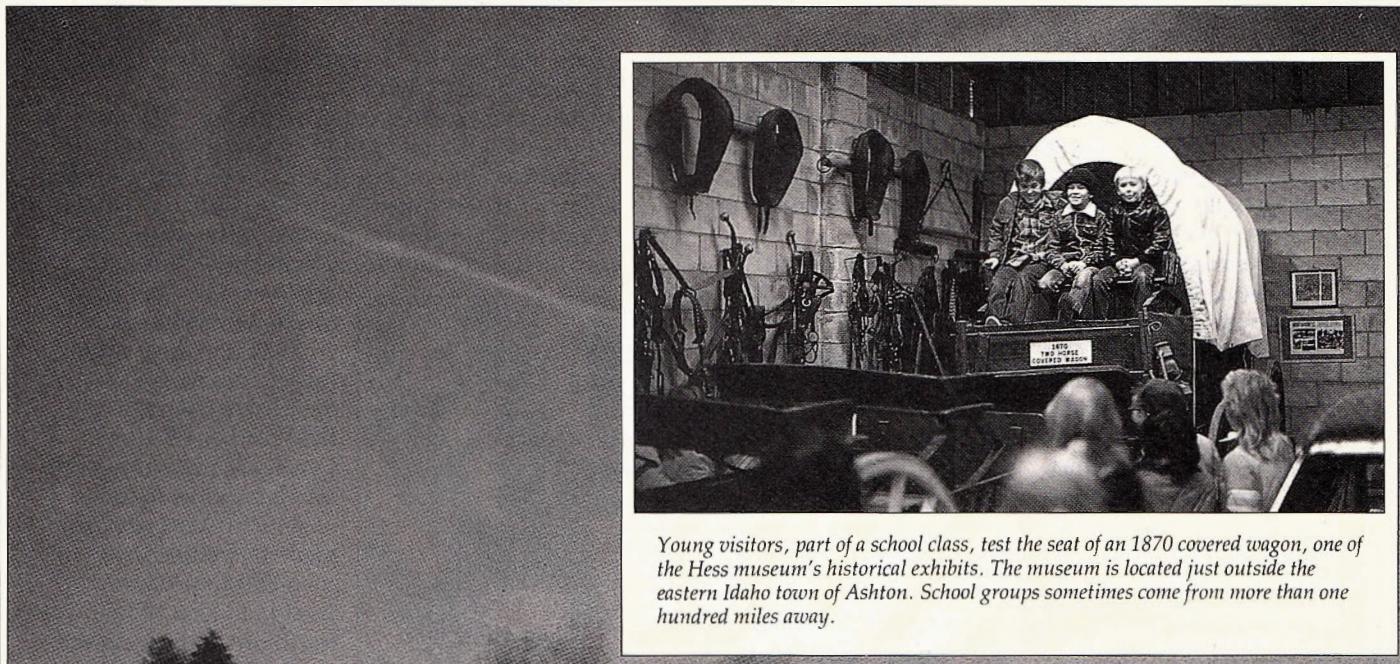
"I have seen my parents turn from the world with sacrifices too numerous to count. Some of you may celebrate your pioneer heritage on July 24. It is only right that you should. My children and my children's children will always remember November 19, 1974. That was the day my parents were baptized and pioneer blood began to flow in our veins."

My precious daughter had opened my eyes. I didn't have to feel left out when I heard stories of the pioneers. I was a pioneer, too. And because of my testimony, my children and my grandchildren would have the roots and heritage I had thought would always elude them.

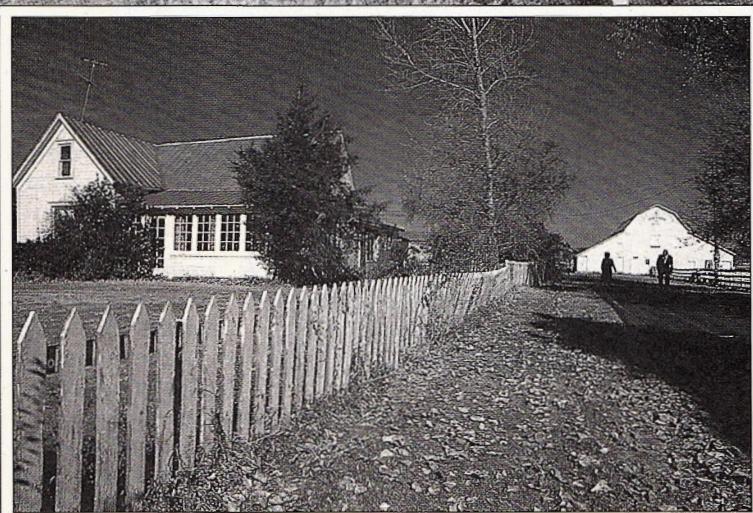
Heritage has to begin somewhere, I told myself. Let it begin with me. □

Sharon Bradley is a homemaker and free-lance writer. She and her family have returned to Ohio, where she serves as first counselor in the Akron Ohio Stake Relief Society presidency.

By Sharon Bradley



Young visitors, part of a school class, test the seat of an 1870 covered wagon, one of the Hess museum's historical exhibits. The museum is located just outside the eastern Idaho town of Ashton. School groups sometimes come from more than one hundred miles away.



Most of the items housed in the old Hess family home, left, belonged to Dan and Mary Hess's ancestors. Many of the historical exhibits in the barn and other farm buildings were donated or purchased.



IDAHO'S HESS FAMILY FARM

A MUSEUM OF LOVE

Tear it down or restore it. That was the choice Dan and Mary Hess faced with the aging Idaho farm home that was part of their family's heritage. One portion of it was a log cabin built ninety years earlier, and the home was badly in need of repair.

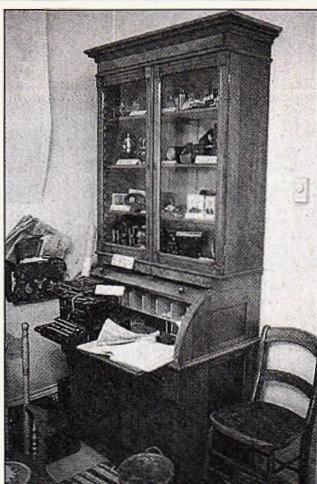
The Hesses chose to restore the home, and what they have done with it since 1980 is proving to be a blessing to members of their extended family and to their community as well. They have turned the old home and its surroundings into a museum, a monument to the perseverance, commitment, and moral values that have shaped the lives of several generations.

The museum is located on the Hess family farm, south of Ashton, Idaho, in the upper Snake River Valley. Horace and Mildred Hess, Dan's parents, moved to the area in 1909 to homestead; eventually, they acquired a parcel of land that included a three-room log cabin, built in 1890.

As the years passed, additions were made to the little home. Then in 1939, Horace Hess built a big, new house nearby. Later, after their marriage in the early 1950s, Dan and Mary Hess lived in the refurbished little home. Dan had grown up on the farm and has continued to work it through the years. But in the mid-1950s, Dan and Mary moved their family to Rexburg, where both taught at Ricks College. The cabin home was rented, sometimes to missionaries.

In 1980, when they were trying to decide what to do with the old home, the Hesses happened to visit a Utah vacation spot that features restored buildings of an earlier era. The visit provided inspiration for their own museum. Instead of a profit-making venture, however, theirs was to be a monument to the family's heritage, as well as a gift to the community.

It has not been their gift alone. Many items in the museum have come from members of the community, or from Dan's and Mary's relatives. Among the items on display are carefully crafted (and lovingly restored) wooden furniture; a butter churn,



This desk belonged to Thomas Bullock, Mary Hess's grandfather, who served as personal secretary to Joseph Smith and Brigham Young.

B y D i a n n e D i b b F o r b i s



One of the farm's young visitors tries the wheel of an old tractor. Farm equipment in the museum is typical of that used in the Upper Snake River Valley in earlier days.

flat irons, washboard, and other hand implements long outmoded by automated machinery.

Because the museum is seen as a community resource, members of the Fremont County Historical Society have been very supportive. Some act as volunteer guides when several groups are scheduled to visit the museum at the same time. Three long-time Ashton neighbors of the Hesses—Evva Lenz, Louise Egbert, and Phyllis Jenkins—frequently serve as guides on short notice.

Evva Lenz notes that the museum is a motivator for some of the visitors. "It creates an enthusiasm on their part to restore and preserve their own heritage," she says.

The museum is open to the public on specified days during the spring and summer, and the Hesses gladly open it to visitors by appointment at other times. As word of its interesting exhibits has spread, school groups have come from as far away as Pocatello—about one hundred miles.

Visitors can make donations toward upkeep of the museum, but, Dan says, the donations don't even cover the cost of electricity used to light the place. He's not concerned about that.

The museum contains a wide variety of artifacts. Most of the exhibits pertain to the family of Dan and Mary Hess and are confined to the original farm home (the Hesses refer to it as the "Heritage Home"), but some of the exhibits spread into the barn and other outbuildings.

There is, for example, the "Carriage House." It houses an assortment of old farm tools, an antique gasoline pump, and a one-cylinder 1910 generator,

along with cars and wagons. Among these is the simple, enclosed horse-drawn sleigh in which young Dan and his brothers and sisters used to ride to school through the bitter eastern Idaho winters.

The barn is home for a variety of old farm equipment, all in working order. Some of it was used on the Hess farm; other pieces are simply examples of the types of farm equipment that have been used in the area. One section of the barn houses a replica of an old one-room school, furnished with desks in stairstep sizes, donated by the local school district. There is also a wildlife diorama featuring a few specimens of big game found in Idaho, and an exhibit with a replica of the armor worn by Columbus and his men.

While many of these exhibits capture the imagination of visitors, it is the Heritage Home that is the focus of the project for the Hess family. Its furnishings include a variety of heirlooms that go back to early times in the Church. On the wall in one bedroom is a photograph of Dan's grandfather, Bishop John W. Hess, who presided over the Farmington (Utah) Ward when Aurelia Spencer Rogers organized the first Primary there in 1878. In the parlor is a mirror that hung in the Nauvoo home of Thomas Bullock, from whom Mary is descended. In the west bedroom is the desk Brother Bullock used when he served as secretary to Presidents Joseph Smith and Brigham Young.

Other artifacts in the home include a spinning wheel, circa 1750, stereopticon photo viewers from the last century, delicate crocheted bedspreads and hand-sewn dresses, and a carefully restored coal-burning kitchen range. That range played a part in getting the museum project off the ground.

"When Dan and I got married," Sister Hess recalls, "it was a case of one collector joining up with another." They had boxes—attics—full of favorite old things. When they decided in 1980 to go ahead with the restoration of the old home, they were using some of the heirloom furniture in their home in Rexburg, or in the newer farm home. Some had been stored away. So the Hesses hardly knew where to start.



In the kitchen of the farm home, a steel butter churn once used by the Hesses sits among other items, some donated by local residents.

While they were on vacation, their oldest son, Stephen, and his wife, Linda, restored the old range and some of the furniture. "Now you've got your start," they told his parents.

"At first it seemed like a fun idea to have a museum. Then Dad got serious," recalls Robert Hess. "He knew what he wanted." It meant hard work. Robert says he developed personal appreciation for the talents and abilities of his forefathers as he helped restore an oak rocking chair, a table, the barn, and other exhibits. His wife, Shauna, got into the spirit of the project, creating several examples of old-fashioned stitchery for use in the museum.

In the museum, younger visitors may see clues to a way of life they have never known. But for older visitors, the museum brings the past alive. "I certainly remember that!" exclaims one, pointing to the galvanized tub hanging on the kitchen wall in the Heritage Home. "We all took turns taking a bath in one on Saturday night."

"Yes," chimes in a companion (probably in his seventies), "it was terrible to be one of the last ones, because the water got cold." Another adds: "The water would get dirtier and dirtier. I was the eleventh one. Had to skim it off before I got in!"

For members of the Hess family, the museum's store of memories is much more personal.

One room, for example, is filled with items from the South Seas—distinctly out of place in cold, mountainous eastern Idaho. But these remembrances recall the missionary service of several family members in Pacific island areas. Small caption cards, like those throughout the museum, tell nonmember visitors about missionary service and the gospel. Almost every item in the home has a story to tell.

Over the door of one small room, part of the original cabin, is a plaque that reads: "Our Creed is Honor, Duty, and Service to God, Country, and Family." Exhibits in the room carry out the themes of service to God, country, and family. On one wall is a large, oak-framed world map with pictures of Hesses and Bullocks who have served missions since the beginning of the Church; the pictures are situated in the areas where the individuals served.

The "Country" theme is represented by uniforms, equipment, and other mementos of military service by various family members—from John W. Hess, a member of the Mormon Battalion, to Stephen Hess, currently a U.S. Air Force chaplain.



The dining room of the farm home is furnished with period lace tablecloths and curtains and antique furniture. The china closet displays antique china, crystal, and silver, all family heirlooms.

"Family" is represented by two carved, wooden family trees; one bears photos of Dan's and Mary's children as children, while the larger tree shows them as parents with their own offspring. Genealogical charts on exhibit include some that trace the Bullock line back to 1472.

What will happen to the museum when Dan and Mary Hess are gone?

They have made it part of a family trust. Their four sons and one daughter are the board of trustees.

Family members agree that their ancestors have become more than names on a pedigree chart through the project. Dan Hess now speaks of "the folks" when he talks of the five or six generations of his and Mary's descendants who are memorialized in the museum. "I wonder what the folks think of all this," he muses. "I wonder what they'll say when we meet them."

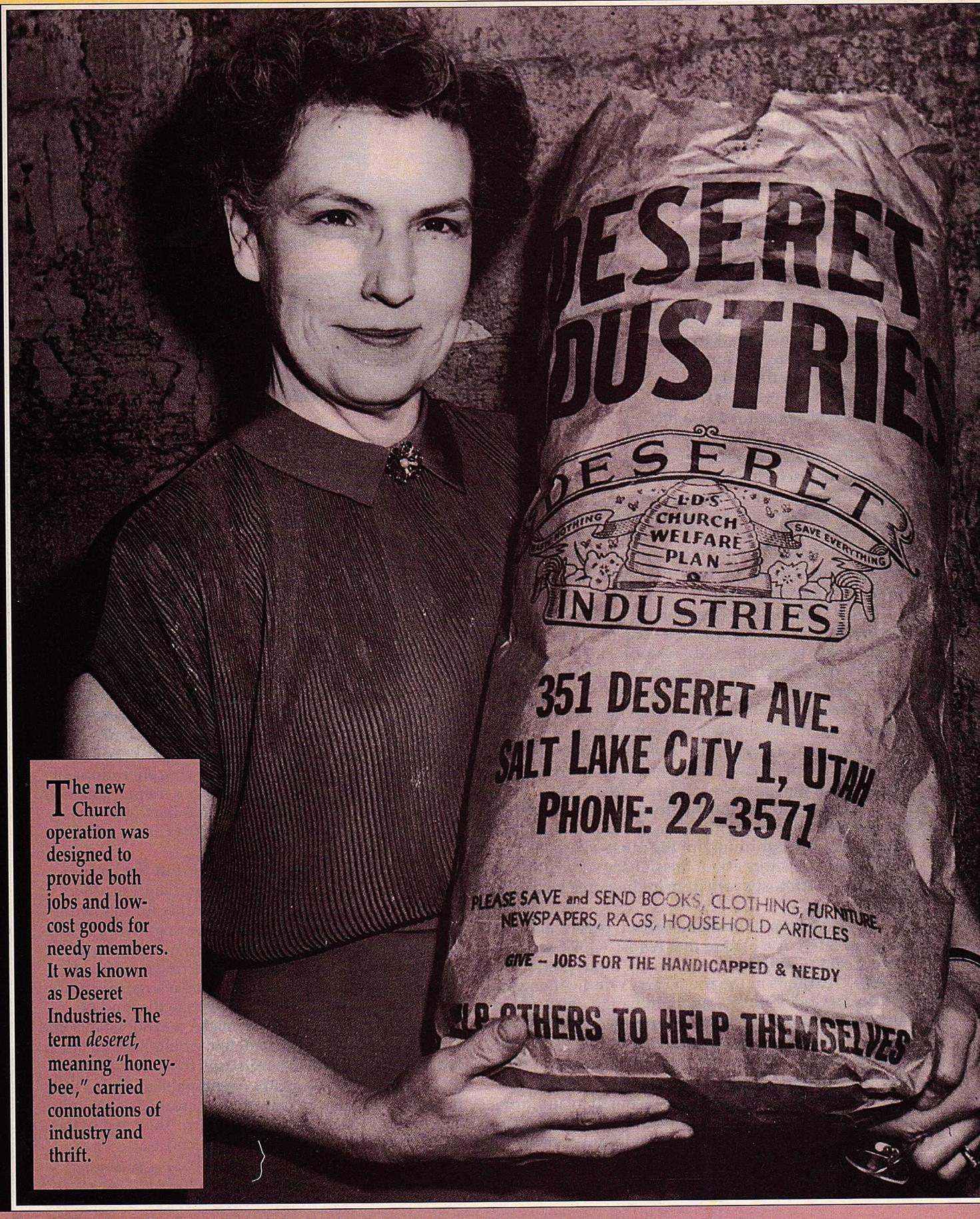
He will have to wait to find out. But the Hess children are more accessible. Their daughter, Mary-Lynn Lyman, says: "I love my parents for following the Lord's commandments in genealogy work. They have made everything more exciting—and visual."

The Hess family museum is a stirring example of love in action. Much time, space, and a large inventory of family treasures are needed to create the kind of memorial the Hess family has made. It is not what some families would want, or need; few would have so much space. But every family has its own treasures—scrapbooks, letters, pictures, other memorabilia. With a little thought, almost every family could create its own suitable museum of love and help to turn "the heart of the children to their fathers." (Malachi 4:6.) □

Dianne Dibb Forbis is Relief Society in-service leader in the Rexburg Fifteenth Ward, Rexburg Idaho East Stake.

The new Church operation was designed to provide both jobs and low-cost goods for needy members. It was known as Deseret Industries. The term *deseret*, meaning "honey-bee," carried connotations of industry and thrift.

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DESERET INDUSTRIES

AT

50

By Don L. Searle Associate Editor

It doesn't look much like the usual thrift store. The sales floor is well-lighted, the merchandise is attractively displayed, and the fixtures are up-to-date. A Deseret Industries outlet ordinarily doesn't suggest much about the organization's history. This year, though, Deseret Industries is going out of its way to call attention to its fiftieth anniversary.

Although its sales outlets have changed in the past five decades, Deseret Industries is still following the same charter it was given at its founding in 1938.

In that year, the Great Depression was nearing its end, and for the previous two years the Church's Welfare Program had been helping to provide food and fuel for many needy members. In addition, resourceful local Church leaders had been finding work for some of the jobless. Still, unemployment was high, and, like other Americans, some LDS families could not afford to buy clothing or household items.

Church leaders were considering ways to help alleviate these problems when Stewart B. Eccles entered the picture. Brother Eccles was out of work, but he had an idea that would provide jobs for himself and many others. While he was in downtown Salt Lake City one day in early 1938, he felt impelled to visit Harold B. Lee, director of the Welfare Program, and explain his proposal.

Brother Lee listened to him, then asked him to write out the plan in detail. Before the day was over, Brother Eccles had been interviewed

**FOR HALF A CENTURY, ITS BEST
PRODUCTS HAVE BEEN PEOPLE.**

thoroughly by the Presiding Bishopric, and within a few more days, he would have interviews with other General Authorities. It quickly became apparent to Brother Eccles that they had something in mind for him.

What they had in mind had nothing to do with his proposal. Earlier, it had been suggested that the Church establish an operation similar to Goodwill Industries in Los Angeles. (The original suggestion has been attributed both to Orson H. Hewlett, a transplanted Utahn who lived in Los Angeles, and to his son Lester, a Salt Lake City businessman who later served as chairman of the Deseret Industries Committee under the welfare program.) Goodwill was providing jobs for the unemployed by taking in donated goods, refurbishing them, and then selling them. Church leaders asked Stewart Eccles to go to Los Angeles, study Goodwill Industries, and make a report.

Soon after his trip, in May 1938, he was placed in charge of a new Church operation designed to provide both jobs and low-cost goods for needy members. It was tentatively known as Welfare Industries.

That name grated on Brother Eccles; for too many people, "welfare" meant public dole programs. One day he was called to Brother Lee's office and told that the name had also troubled President Heber J. Grant. A new name had come to the Church leader—Deseret Industries. The term *deseret*, meaning "honey bee" (see Ether 2:3), would carry connotations of industry and thrift.

A letter to local Church leaders, dated 11 August 1938, announced the formation of Deseret Industries "in the Salt Lake Region of the Church Welfare Plan." The operation was described as "essentially a salvaging project in which useable materials such as clothing, papers, magazines, articles of furniture, electrical fixtures, metal, glass ware, etc. are solicited from each home-owner within our communities within the Salt Lake Region. This organization will make periodic collections . . . and employ . . . men and women workers to sort, process, and repair the articles collected for sale and distribution among those who desire to obtain useable articles thus provided at a minimum cost. It is the intent that first consideration on this project will be given to brethren and sisters who might find it difficult to qualify for employment in private industry."

There was no doubt that Deseret Industries had the full support of Church leadership. The letter was signed by the First Presidency—Heber J. Grant, J. Reuben Clark, Jr., and David O. McKay—as well as by the Presiding Bishopric—LeGrand Richards, Marvin O. Ashton, and Joseph L. Wirthlin.

Further impetus for Church members to donate goods was given in September of 1938 in the *Improvement Era*. An editorial by Elder John A. Widtsoe of the Council of the Twelve outlined four purposes of Deseret Industries: "First, those who have will be given another type of opportunity to help those who have

not. Second, waste will be reduced by keeping our possessions in use as long as possible. Third, the work of renovation will employ many now unemployed. Fourth, articles in common use, of good quality, will be available at a low cost."

Elder Widtsoe went on to comment that "the American people, including members of the Church, are tremendously and indefensibly wasteful. . . . This waste . . . cannot be pleasing to the Lord. . . . Deseret Industries will serve a wholesome moral as well as economic purpose in securing a fuller service of our property." (P. 544.)

Setting the Program in Motion

The first Deseret Industries plant was opened in downtown Salt Lake City on 12 August 1938, with Stewart Eccles in charge. Holger M. Larsen was his assistant. After collection drives in the area, they made their first retail sales on 1 September 1938.

Elder Widtsoe retained an interest in the operation and one day paid Deseret Industries a visit to see how it was progressing. He laid his hat down on one of the store's tables while he took a tour of the facility. When he returned, he found that the hat had been sold!

Within two years, Deseret Industries had several smaller stores operating in the Salt Lake Valley and had outgrown its first headquarters. In 1940, its operations were moved to a much larger Church-owned building in Salt Lake City's Sugarhouse area.

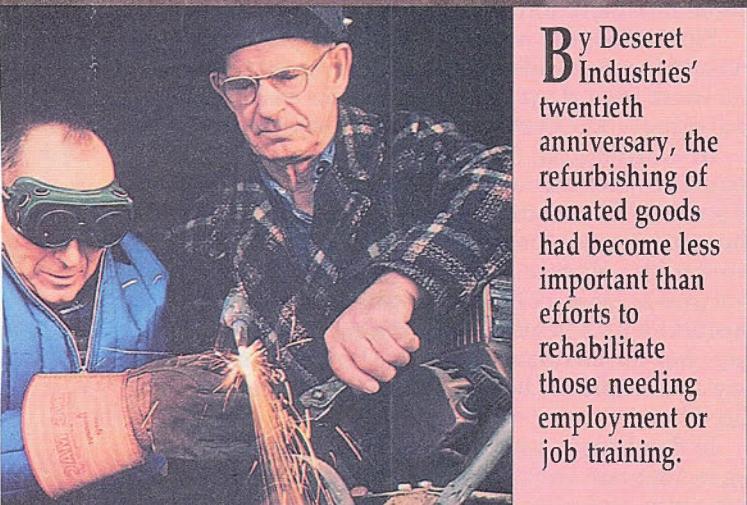
During 1939, local Church leaders in Los Angeles had begun a similar operation under the name "Latter-day Saint Industries of Southern California." It would become the Los Angeles branch of Deseret Industries.

At Harold B. Lee's recommendation, the stakes of the Southern California Region—Pasadena, San Fernando, Long Beach, Los Angeles, San Bernardino, South Los Angeles, and Inglewood—united in supporting the Los Angeles Deseret Industries unit. It was governed by a local committee of priesthood leaders, with general direction from Salt Lake City. This pattern would be followed in other local units as Deseret Industries grew.

Other patterns were also established in the beginning. Potential workers were referred to both Salt Lake and Los Angeles Deseret Industries facilities by their bishops. Both facilities honored bishops' orders for goods to help needy LDS families. Workers were paid half in cash and half in commodities from the bishops' storehouse. (That practice continued until the 1960s, when minimum wage laws made it impractical.)

Creating a New Work Force

Disaster struck the Salt Lake Deseret Industries operation in the spring of 1942: a fire burned half of the central plant in Sugarhouse. The Salt Lake unit



By Deseret Industries' twentieth anniversary, the refurbishing of donated goods had become less important than efforts to rehabilitate those needing employment or job training.

recovered from that blow, but Deseret Industries was also facing a more enduring challenge, one that would eventually reshape it into an organization capable of serving many more people.

Prior to World War II almost all Deseret Industries' workers had been able-bodied, unemployed men and women. But unemployment all but disappeared during the war, and much of the Deseret Industries workforce was able to find work in the private sector. There had been more than a dozen Deseret Industries stores operating in Salt Lake County and five in Los Angeles County before the war. During the war, both Salt Lake and Los Angeles Deseret Industries units closed most of their stores and consolidated operations.

As a consequence, the composition of the Deseret Industries work force changed. In addition to a few able-bodied unemployed, many of its workers now were aged members with low incomes, or physically or mentally handicapped members who could not obtain work in ordinary businesses. After the war, immigrant Church members with a limited command of English also joined the work force. This mix would continue for two decades or more.

By its tenth anniversary in 1948, Deseret Industries had six stores—two in Salt Lake City, one each in Ogden, Logan, and Tooele, Utah, and one in Los Angeles. It was entering a period of slow but steady expansion that brought the opening or remodeling of several stores in the 1950s. One landmark was a new plant in Los Angeles, which opened in the spring of 1951. A number of changes had been recommended by local leaders to streamline the Los Angeles operation. With its up-to-date physical plant and attractive sales floor, it would be a means of reintroducing Deseret Industries to the public in the area.

After the war, Deseret Industries sought new ways to meet Church members' needs. During the fall of 1951, for example, work-at-home projects (such as sewing quilt tops or repairing appliances) were established by the Los Angeles unit; these provided work for those who could not travel to the central plant because of distance or handicaps. (In a modified form, "Homecraft" projects are still available through Deseret Industries.)

Moving into Manufacturing

In the mid-1950s, an important change began in Deseret Industries operations. Stewart Eccles, who had been running the Church's Welfare Square operations in Salt Lake City since 1942, was reassigned to Deseret Industries with a charge to develop manufacturing operations; these would not only provide more jobs, but would also provide goods to help stock the bishops' storehouses. Brother Eccles was not told what kind of manufacturing operations to develop; Elder Harold B. Lee (by then a member of the Council of the Twelve) only told him that he would be guided to know what to do.

In 1954, Deseret Industries began a rag-rug-making operation. In 1957, a woolen mill was acquired to supply wool blankets for the storehouses.

Reflecting on the organization's operations in 1958, twenty years after its founding, Brother Eccles noted that the refurbishing of donated goods was less important to Deseret Industries than its efforts to rehabilitate those needing employment or job training. The philosophy at Deseret Industries ran counter to that held by private industry, which sought to keep the good workers it trained. At Deseret Industries, the goal was to train people to be good workers, then help them move on to find jobs in private industry.

From the post-war period until the mid-1970s, many elderly and handicapped workers found jobs at Deseret Industries. There was, for example, one young man who was wheelchair-bound and had little use of his limbs. A job was found for him at Deseret Industries, and he felt a sense of worth that made going to work more important than staying in the comfort of his family's well-furnished home. He even refused to go on the customary vacation with his parents because there would be no one else at Deseret Industries to do his job.

In 1963—Deseret Industries' twenty-fifth anniversary year—an *Improvement Era* article focused on some of the workers and the blessings that employment had brought into their lives. The article noted that "except for capital investments made by the Church in buildings and equipment, the program is self-sustaining." (July, p. 584.) The workers were paying their own way.

The article also pointed out that Deseret Industries plants had been used as storehouses, assisting members who needed clothing and household items after disaster struck—notably, flooding in California and Idaho during 1955. That kind of assistance has been a pattern for Deseret Industries throughout its history; it was repeated, for example, after the Teton Dam collapsed above Rexburg, Idaho, in 1976, flooding communities in the upper Snake River Valley.

Focusing on Rehabilitation

During the 1960s, another significant change in the Deseret Industries work force began. Rising Social Security benefits made it unnecessary for many older Church members in the United States to work. At the same time, legislation and changes in society enabled physically handicapped members to move more freely into the workplace. Increasingly, Deseret Industries employed workers who lacked job skills or had learning disabilities or mental handicaps. This trend became the norm, and Deseret Industries was granted "sheltered workshop" status under federal regulations, which meant that Deseret Industries could serve more handicapped workers.

During the 1970s, the Presiding Bishopric called a new General Deseret Industries Committee and

charged it to raise the program to new heights. As a result, individual units came under more uniform direction from Church headquarters. Existing stores were modernized, and new ones were built in many areas.

There was also a new emphasis on meeting the individual needs of workers referred to Deseret Industries by their bishops. This included helping them reach their full potential, becoming as independent and self-sufficient as possible.

"We began focusing on vocational rehabilitation more seriously about ten years ago," says Gary Winters, field manager for rehabilitation with Deseret Industries and the Church Employment System. It had become apparent in the mid-1970s that Deseret Industries, as it was then operating, could not serve more than a fraction of the members who needed its help. If Deseret Industries was to serve more people, it had to find new ways to operate.

In a 1979 address at a seminar for area welfare directors, D. Weston Thatcher, then director of Deseret Industries, outlined the course he saw. An operation such as Deseret Industries should prepare people to function in the outside world after they are trained; he believed that it is useless to train people in make-work projects when no jobs for them will ever exist in industry. It was time, he said, "to make direct job placement into the competitive labor market and to make purposeful job skills at Deseret Industries a reality."

For those unable to find gainful employment in private industry, he added, Deseret Industries should provide "the best alternative . . . which is a disciplined, competitive, business opportunity."

Today, because of their age or handicaps, some people still stay at Deseret Industries for long periods. But if they are capable of working in private industry, the goal is to place them there, Brother Winters explains. The Deseret Industries program should be thought of "as a training opportunity, and not as permanent employment." This renewed emphasis on rehabilitation has resulted in a professional rehabilitation manager at every plant.

Since 1980, the number of trainees placed in jobs outside Deseret Industries has more than doubled. But more important than the statistics are the many individual success stories they represent.

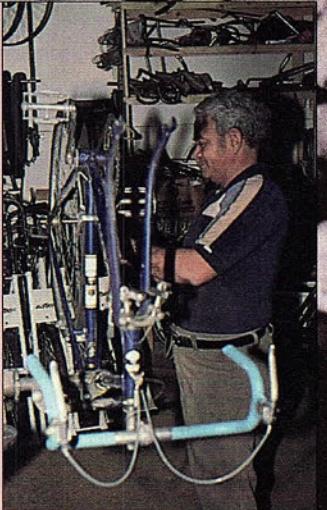
In Washington, for example, one mildly retarded sister was also handicapped by her lack of social skills and experience. Through the help of the rehabilitation program, as well as one-on-one work with volunteers, she progressed through several jobs at Deseret Industries and was able to take a position with a Seattle microfilming company. This gave her the advantage of at least minimum wage pay and employee benefits from the company that hired her.

In San Diego, a former serviceman who had lost a leg in Vietnam went from Deseret Industries to a computer assembly job.





Deseret Industries plants can serve only so many workers on a daily basis, but the number of people aided by their rehabilitation programs each year is still increasing. This is because training programs have been made more efficient, and workers move through them more rapidly.



In Arizona, a woman who had been held back by her speech difficulties and lack of education went from Deseret Industries to a position in housekeeping with a local motel. Her good work moved her supervisor to seek other employees from Deseret Industries.

Deseret Industries plants can serve only so many workers on a daily basis, but the number of people aided by their rehabilitation programs each year is still increasing. Earl Matheson, current director of Deseret Industries, explains that this is possible because training programs have been made much more efficient, and workers move through them more rapidly.

Deseret Industries is always seeking new ways to help Church members, he explains. Pilot programs are currently extending rehabilitation services to members in areas where the Church membership base is not large enough to support a Deseret Industries plant. Local Church members, called Rehabilitation Service Workers, are lending both their love and their skills to helping train workers. (See *EN SIGN*, Apr. 1988, pp. 24-29.)

Some of the earlier Deseret Industries manufacturing operations have disappeared as changes in the economy have made them impractical. The ones that remain—furniture and mattress manufacturing—are better suited to the needs of current workers. Job training has been oriented toward sales and other activities that can lead to jobs in today's service-oriented economy.

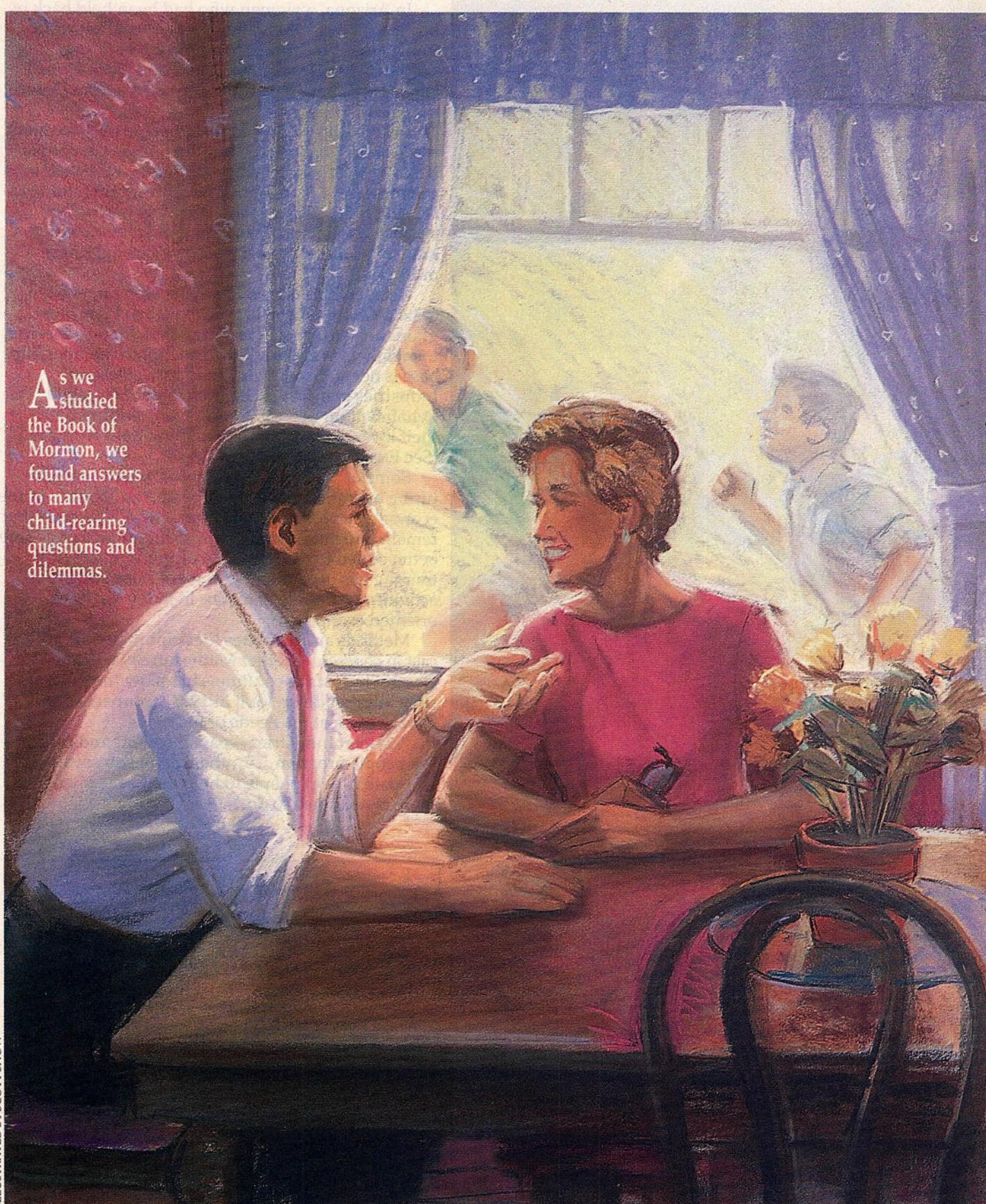
Methods and activities for helping people are not cast in concrete, Brother Matheson says. While Deseret Industries continues to follow the guiding principles set down for it in 1938, approaches will change to meet the needs of the times.

"Deseret Industries—past, present, and future—is a people program," Brother Matheson says. "It exists to help people to help themselves, and there is still much to do." □

GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY ACTIVITIES

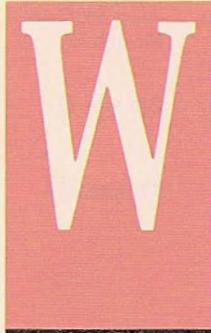
A variety of activities have been planned to mark Deseret Industries' fiftieth anniversary. They include:

- Local open houses, with tours for priesthood leaders and the public;
- Fiftieth anniversary banquets in local units during August, with honors for outstanding workers;
- Cleanliness awards for qualifying plants;
- Discount certificates for shoppers in some stores;
- A breakfast to honor priesthood leaders, civic leaders, and employers of former Deseret Industries workers. □



As we studied the Book of Mormon, we found answers to many child-rearing questions and dilemmas.

The Book of Mormon As a Guide for Parents



week after week, my frustration mounted. With three active preschoolers and an absentee high-councilor husband who would soon be serving as a mission president, I was finding it increasingly hard to stay at a high spiritual level. Church attendance helped, but with my husband often away on assignment, I was left alone on Sunday to quiet one child's impatient feet, dry another's tears, or change the baby's diaper. My spirit desperately craved nourishment.

I knew what I needed to do, but I didn't know how to make it work. The words I had seen displayed a hundred different times in a hundred different lessons were engraved indelibly on my mind:

Pray Always
Read the Scriptures
Live the Commandments

I was keeping the commandments. I was praying, or thought I was. And I was trying to read the scriptures whenever time permitted. It's just that time didn't permit my reading very often. Most of my days were spent in rushing from one crisis to another, barely finding time to read the instructions on the detergent box, let alone anything uplifting like the scriptures.

Besides, what did Lehi's journey to the promised land have to do with my problems? Where was the chapter and verse in the Book of Mormon that tells how to toilet-train a stubborn two-year-old or get a four-year-old to pick up his toys? I was sure I had more relevant things to worry about than who was going to win the next Nephite-Lamanite war. I had three children fighting with each other all the time.

And so the weeks and months flew by, full of household tasks and Church responsibilities. I met the children's demands and needs willingly because I knew this was what the Lord wanted from me at this time in my life. But I still couldn't find time to read the scriptures. There was only so much one person could do, I rationalized defensively. Wasn't I doing everything expected of me? If so, where were the promised blessings—the joy, the peace of mind? What spiritual growth could one possibly get from mopping floors and changing diapers? How could I blend the day-to-day chores and responsibilities of child-rearing

*What the
Book of
Mormon
Teaches
about
Rearing
Children*

The following represents my favorite Book of Mormon child-rearing scriptures. Others may find additional verses that apply.

Principle	Reference	Application
1. Father (or mother, if there is no father in the home) is to be the spiritual leader in the family and is responsible for teaching the children.	1 Nephi 1:1 1 Nephi 15:30 1 Nephi 16:23-27	The father presides at family home evening, bears testimony to the family, studies the scriptures daily with them, is an example, conducts daily family prayer, presides at family councils, and honors his priesthood.
2. Parental responsibility for both parents begins when the child is an infant; the role is eternal.	2 Nephi 4:5-6 Alma 56:47-48 Mosiah 27	A close, consistent relationship is necessary to develop a child's trust in the parent. Parents must never give up on a child, but continue to pray for, love, and bless him or her.
3. A one-on-one relationship is crucial.	Alma 36:42	Hold personal interviews periodically. Do things one-on-one so that each child has special moments with his or her parents.
4. Know each child as an individual.	3 Nephi 26:9	Find out what children at various developmental stages are capable of physically, mentally, and emotionally. Don't expect too much too soon. Children must learn to trust a parent before they can trust themselves.
5. Parents must be humble, teachable, and willing to admit mistakes and repent.	Alma 36	Admit parental errors, misplaced blame, and harshness. Ask for forgiveness.
6. A child learns best when taught by example.	3 Nephi 27:21,27 Alma 25:17	Demonstrate your values about the Sabbath day, wholesome books and movies, education, self-control, honesty, respect for authority, etc. Verbalize your beliefs and discuss them with your children.
7. A child learns best through praise, positive reinforcement, and expressions of parental faith and trust.	3 Nephi 27:30 Helaman 10:5 Enos 1:1-8	Trust your children to do well, and praise them when they do well. If they fail, let them know that you are disappointed but that you still love them and are willing to let them try again.
8. Correct the child when necessary, then show an abundance of love for him or her.	Helaman 15:3 Ether 2:14	Make sure your children know you love them, in spite of their mistakes. Teach them about their potential as children of God.
9. Set the rule and allow the natural consequences to follow.	1 Nephi 8:37-38 Alma 30 3 Nephi 27:16-20 Ether 3:19,26	Set a rule together, discuss the consequences, then let the children use their agency to govern their behavior. Resist saying "I told you so" or sparing the children the consequences altogether.
10. Teach children to use their agency.	Alma 24:12-18 Helaman 14:30-31	Allow children to make small decisions in early childhood to develop confidence and wisdom. As they grow older, they can make more important decisions.
11. Listen, listen, listen! Don't be quick to advise or condemn.	Alma 20 (negative example of fathering)	Things are not always what they appear to be. Give children the benefit of the doubt and don't assume the worst. Children often need someone to listen while they talk through their problems. Don't be too quick to give help; rather, help them determine a solution.
12. Discipline is necessary. It should be tailored to the needs of each child.	Mosiah 26:25-36 Alma 30:43-53 Mosiah 4:14-15	Methods of discipline are tailored to each child: Separate an offender from others by placing the child in a "time-out" area; have the child remain at home, away from negative influences, where mother or father can give support in making decisions; have the child work alongside a brother or sister with whom he or she has been fighting; role-play to resolve disagreements.
13. Teach children to love work and to serve others.	Mosiah 4:15-16 Mosiah 6:6-7	Children need to serve one another and the family to feel worthwhile.

with the celestial repose for which my spirit hungered?

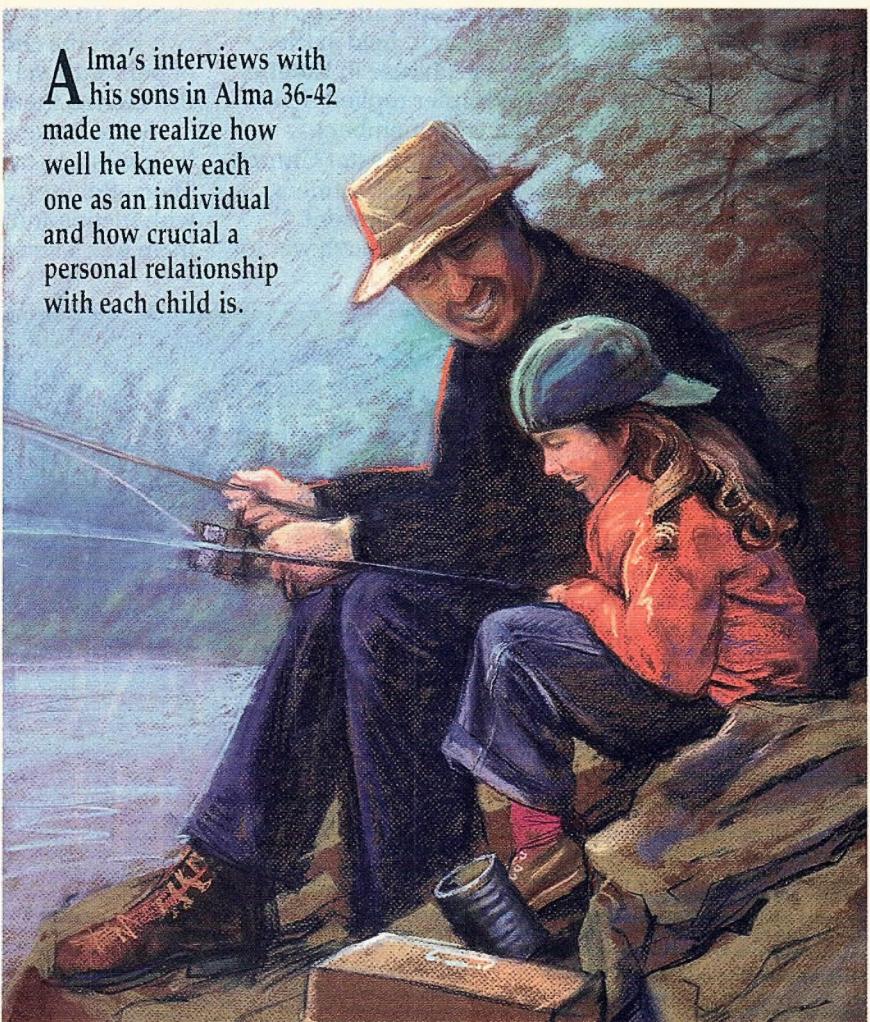
Something had to be done—my spirit was dying on the vine. I was desperate. I discovered that the only quiet time I had was when I locked myself in a room two or three times a day so I could have a private, heart-to-heart talk with Heavenly Father. I really poured my heart out.

Several weeks later, our bishop called me to be the Spiritual Living teacher in Relief Society. This wasn't the kind of help I had expected, but I gulped and accepted. That call changed my life. The daily study and preparation it took for me to give those lessons taught me two things. First, if the incentive were strong enough—in this case, fright—I found the time to read the scriptures. Second, I learned that when I prayerfully searched the scriptures, I found they contain the answer to every question and dilemma.

One day it occurred to me that if the scriptures can answer all the questions in the Relief Society manual, they ought to be able to answer questions about rearing children. I began reading the Book of Mormon with a purpose. Whenever I discovered an example of parenting, I wrote down the reference with a brief note. When I finished, I organized the examples I'd discovered into principles taught and my applications of each principle.

For example, I was having a hard time getting the children to cooperate. They would fight with each other, ignore my requests to help with small jobs until I became insistent or angry, and act up or show off at the most inconvenient times. Alma's interviews with his sons in Alma 36–42 made me realize how well he knew each one as an individual and how crucial a personal relationship with each child is. My husband, Doug, and I began holding interviews periodically with each child and doing things alone with each one. It helped to set aside special days or dates with each child and make bedtime less hectic and more personal. We found that by treating our children as individuals rather than lumping them together as "the kids," they felt less need to seek our attention in negative ways. As they became more sure of themselves and their place in the family, they became more cooperative.

Alma's interviews with his sons in Alma 36-42 made me realize how well he knew each one as an individual and how crucial a personal relationship with each child is.



Another example of good parenting is found in 2 Nephi 28:30, where the Lord explains that he teaches us only that which we are ready to accept and understand. We are taught step-by-step as our faith and obedience increases. When we applied this principle to our children, we discovered that we needed to know what each child was capable of understanding, doing, and feeling at different ages and not require more than the child was capable of handling.

As I began making scripture study a part of my daily routine, I also began to examine how I kept the commandments. By changing my attitude, I was able to view homemaking and parenthood not as duties but as opportunities to become more like my own heavenly parents.

It isn't always easy to keep this perspective when the children are quarreling and the stack of laundry is matched by the stack of dirty dishes. But these setbacks are easier to handle if my spirit isn't suffering from malnutrition. Now when I give a Relief Society lesson, I can bear my testimony, with conviction, that there isn't a question or problem we encounter that we can't answer by searching the scriptures. □

Geri Brinley serves in the Texas Dallas Mission, where her husband, Douglas, is mission president.

W

hen asked how many people attended the first meeting of the Church, held at the Peter Whitmer, Sr., farmhouse in Fayette, New York, David Whitmer replied that

"2 rooms were filled with members—

about 20 from Colesville, 15 from Manchester Church and about 20 from around about Father Whitmers. About 50 members & the 6 Elders were present."¹

While the April 6 organization of the Church was to meet "the laws of our country, by the will and commandments of God" (D&C 20:1), it did not mark the beginning of proselytizing. A limited but very effective missionary force had been preaching from portions of the Book of Mormon for a year, beginning as early as April 1829.

Soon after arriving at Joseph Smith's homestead in Harmony, Pennsylvania, on 5 April 1829, Oliver Cowdery wrote a letter to David Whitmer stating that he was convinced that Joseph Smith had the Nephite records. The Prophet had told Oliver that he should, according to the "will of heaven," serve as scribe in the translation process. In a second letter to David Whitmer, Oliver wrote a "few lines of what they had translated" from the plates. David said later, "I showed these letters to my parents, and brothers and sisters."² Thus, at a very early date, a small segment of the Book of Mormon had reached the Whitmer household.

As the work of translation progressed, Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery sought answers to their questions regarding baptism, which they had read about in translating the record. Responding to their supplication, the Lord directed John the Baptist to visit the men, instruct them concerning baptism, and confer upon them the keys of the priesthood of

Aaron. This happened on 15 May 1829. At first, the two kept the circumstances of the visit secret because of persecution in their area. A local mob had already threatened them.

Soon, however, the two men felt that the urgency of their message overrode the possibility of opposition. Thereafter they began to "reason out of the scriptures" with friends and acquaintances. Among the first to hear them was Samuel H. Smith, the Prophet's brother. The

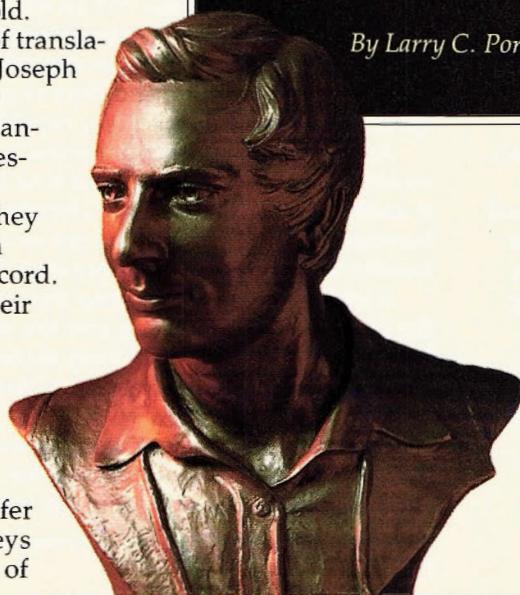
pair taught him from the Bible and "also showed him that part of the work which [they] had translated, and labored to persuade him concerning the Gospel of Jesus Christ which was now about to be revealed in its fulness." After fervent prayer, Samuel accepted their message and was baptized by Oliver Cowdery on May 25. He returned home, "greatly glorifying and praising God, being filled with the Holy Spirit."³

Immediately after Samuel's baptism, Hyrum Smith came to Harmony to inquire about the Book of Mormon and ask what the Lord would have him do. Through his brother Joseph, Hyrum received a revelation

FROM A BOOK COMING FORTH

*Missionary work
with the Book of
Mormon started as
soon as the first
few pages were
translated.*

By Larry C. Porter



encouraging him to preach and to assist in the translation. He was urged to study the Lord's word, including what was being translated, in order to have the Spirit. (See D&C 11:15–22.) He and his wife Jerusha were baptized in Seneca Lake in June.⁴

Lucy Mack Smith wrote that, during this period, "evil-designing people were seeking to take away [Joseph Smith's] life, in order to prevent the work of God from going forth to the world."⁵ For this reason, David Whitmer moved the translators to his parents' home in Fayette township. David affirmed that "the translation at my father's occupied about one month, that is from June 1, to July 1, 1829."⁶ David also said that Joseph and Oliver worked from morning until night, even though the weather was very warm and the days were long.⁷

While laboring on the translation, the two men were besieged by a host of people who wanted to hear about the plates and the doctrines contained on them. Joseph Smith described this situation:

"We found the people of Seneca county . . . disposed to enquire into the truth of these strange matters which now began to be noised abroad. Many

opened their houses to us, in order that we might have an opportunity of meeting with our friends for the purpose of instruction and explanation. . . . From this time forth many became believers, and some were baptized whilst we continued to instruct and persuade as many as applied for information."⁸

Those engaged in proselyting received some direction from the translators through letters. On 14 June 1829, Oliver Cowdery wrote Hyrum Smith, saying, "I write unto you feeling anxious for your steadfastness in the great cause which you have been called to advocate. . . . Stir up the minds of our friends against the time we come unto you that they may be willing to take upon them the name of Christ."⁹ These brethren obviously all had a "cause to advocate" and were actively teaching the doctrines found in the Bible and Book of Mormon. Many accepted the message—estimates of those who were baptized between 15 May 1829 and 6 April 1830 run from thirty to seventy-six persons.¹⁰

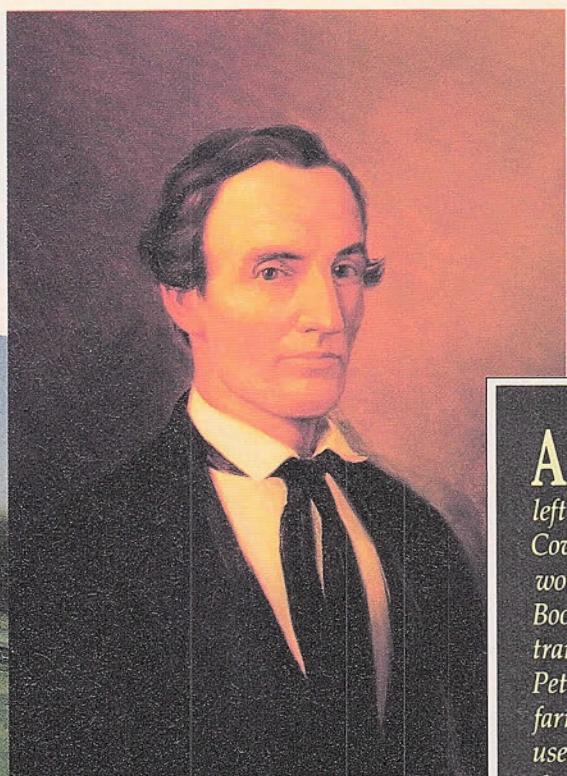
The early missionaries characteristically used every means at their disposal to share their newly found precepts. Joseph Smith, Sr., wrote his father Asael Smith as early as 1828 to inform him "of some of the visions the youthful Prophet had received."¹¹ Asael Smith was also apprised that his grandson "had discovered, by the revelations of the Almighty, some gold plates, and that these gold plates contained a record of great worth." Following their father's letter, Hyrum Smith and the Prophet himself also wrote to their grandfather.¹²

Such a deluge of miraculous accounts stirred a terse response from Asael's son Jesse Smith, uncle of the Prophet. Writing for his father on 17 June 1829, he unloaded his pent-up emotions on his nephew Hyrum Smith, denouncing the Book of Mormon record. His attack, however, reveals that not everyone in the household shared Jesse's ire.

irate disposition toward the story of restoration.¹³ (Thirteen months later, Joseph Smith, Sr., and his son Don Carlos delivered a copy of the Book of Mormon to the aged patriarch Asael Smith and other family members in St. Lawrence County. All the brothers and sisters of Joseph Smith, Sr., eventually came into the Church except for Jesse and Susan.¹⁴)

June 1829 was filled with activities related to the Book of Mormon: The primary work of translation had been completed; the copyright application was filed; Moroni showed the plates to the three witnesses; the eight witnesses handled and hefted the gold plates; and many were taught from the scriptures as they inquired about the "strange matters."

Egbert B. Grandin finally contracted to publish the Book of Mormon. John H. Gilbert, principal compositor



PAINTING BY AL ROUNDS

As Joseph Smith, far left, and Oliver Cowdery, near left, worked on the Book of Mormon translation at the Peter Whitmer farmhouse, they used passages of the new scripture to preach the gospel to relatives, friends, and acquaintances.

for Mr. Grandin, told James Cobb that, "as quick as Mr. Grandin got his type and got things all ready to commence the work, Hyrum Smith brought to the office 24 pages of manuscript on foolscap paper, closely written and legible, but not a punctuation mark from beginning to end. This was about the middle of August 1829."¹⁵

David Whitmer remembered that the early Saints actively proselytized throughout the entire time that the Book of Mormon was being printed and bound: "In August, 1829, we began to preach the gospel of Christ. . . . We preached . . . from August 1829, until April 6th, 1830, being eight months in which time we had proceeded rightly."¹⁶ The Prophet Joseph Smith declared, "Whilst the Book of Mormon was in the hands of the printer, we still continued to bear testimony and give information, as far as we had opportunity."¹⁷

In addition to the original manuscript of the Book of Mormon and the printer's copy, the disciples often used handwritten excerpts from the record to teach the doctrines in the still-unpublished volume. David Whitmer said, "The Book of Mormon was still in the hands of the printer, but my brother, Christian Whitmer, had copied from the manuscript the teachings and the doctrine of Christ, being the things which we were commanded to preach."¹⁸

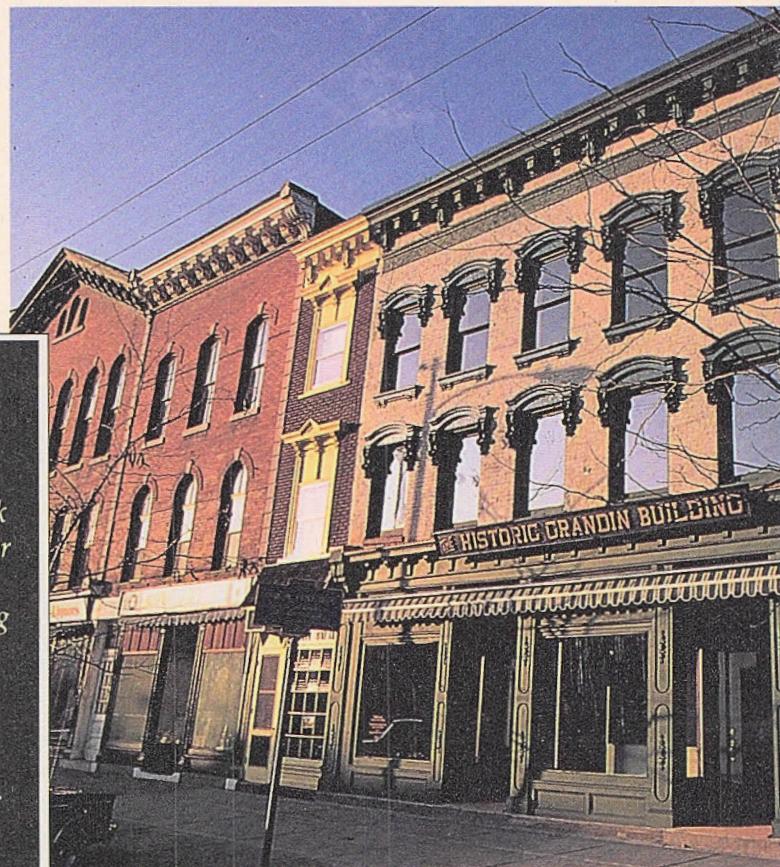
David Whitmer describes the growing body of Saints during this period and the blessings they enjoyed: "The heavens were opened to some, and all signs which Christ promised should follow the believers were with us abundantly. We were an humble

happy people, and loved each other as brethren should love."¹⁹

When the first pages of the Book of Mormon were struck on the Grandin press in the fall of 1829, still another phase of missionary work began. Many did not wait for the printing and binding to be completed, but instead drew off proof sheets and used them in proselytizing. Illustrative of this is the experience of Thomas B. Marsh.

Thomas Marsh was staying with a family in Lyonstown [Lyons], New York. One day the lady of the house inquired whether Thomas had heard of the "golden book" found by a youth named Joseph Smith. He stated that he knew nothing of it but was eager to learn more. The woman directed him to Martin Harris in Palmyra. Thomas Marsh relates what happened:

"I returned back westward and found Martin Harris at the printing office, in Palmyra, where the first sixteen pages of the Book of Mormon had just been struck off, the proof sheet of which I obtained from the printer and took with me. As soon as Martin Harris found out my intentions he took me to the house of Joseph Smith, sen., where Joseph Smith, jun.,



Left: A page from the original manuscript of the Book of Mormon. Near right: E. B. Grandin printing office. Middle right: The press that printed the first Book of Mormon edition. Far right: Proof sheet from the printing of the first edition.

resided who could give me any information I might wish. Here I found Oliver Cowdery, who gave me all the information concerning the book I desired. After staying there two days I started for Charleston, Mass., highly pleased with the information I had obtained concerning the new found book."²⁰

Brother Marsh showed his wife, Elizabeth, the sixteen pages, and she believed the words found in them to be the work of God. Others, however, were not as receptive. After receiving a letter dated 25 October 1829 from the new believer, Oliver Cowdery wrote the Prophet, reporting that Brother Marsh had "talked considerable to some respecting our work with freedom but [to] others [he] could not because they have no ears."²¹ Thomas Marsh, who would become in time senior member of the Quorum of the Twelve, was baptized on 3 September 1830.

Another person who could not wait for the binding of the Book of Mormon was Solomon Chamberlain, a cooper (barrel maker) from Lyons, New York. In the fall of 1829, by his account, he was traveling westward on the Erie Canal on his way to Upper Canada when he felt constrained by the Spirit to get off the boat at Palmyra. Walking three miles south of the community, he lodged at a farmhouse for the night.

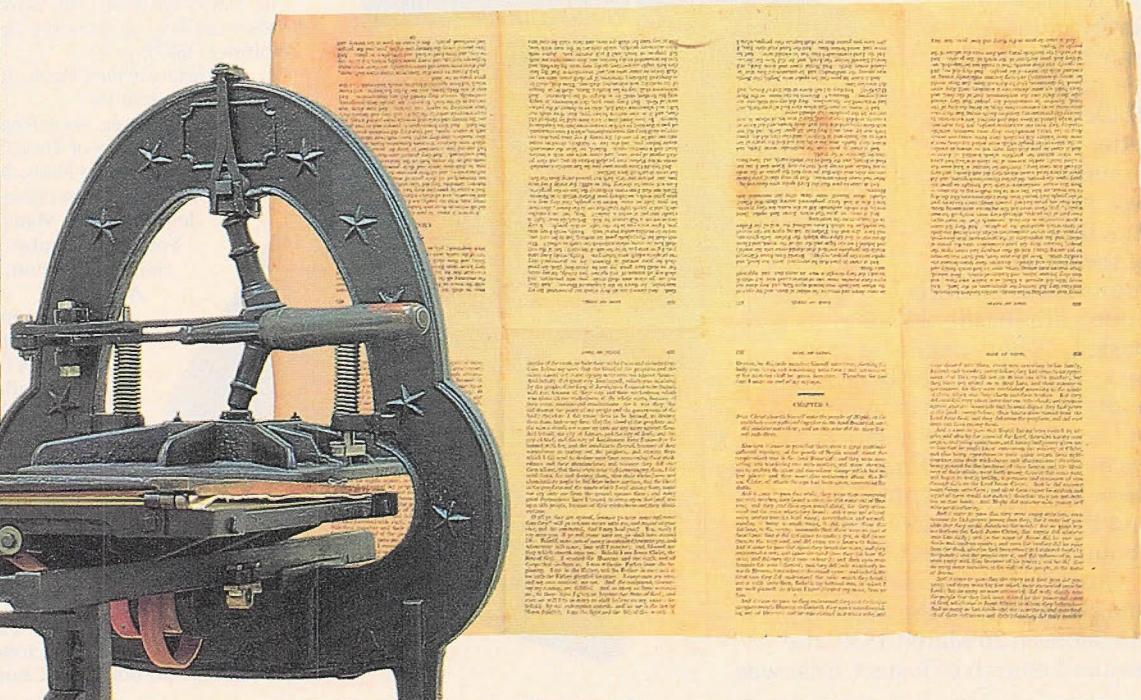
In the morning, occupants of the house asked whether he had ever heard of the "Gold Bible." The mere mention of the book stirred him to the core. He said, "There was a power like electricity went from the top of my head to the end

of my toes." In 1816, an angelic visitor had informed him that "there would be a book come forth, like unto the Bible and the people would be guided by it, as well as the Bible." Solomon Chamberlain had since maintained a constant vigil for that book. The angel, furthermore, had instructed him that the gospel of Jesus Christ had been taken from the earth and that the true church would soon be fully restored.

Mr. Chamberlain learned that he was just one half mile from the Smith home, where the "Gold Bible" was located. He eagerly made his way "across lots" to the Smiths', where he met Joseph Smith, Sr., Hyrum Smith, and Christian Whitmer. Unfortunately, the Prophet was away at the time. For two days, he was instructed directly from the manuscript of the Book of Mormon and quickly recognized that the book was the work he had been searching for.

Hyrum Smith and others accompanied him to the E. B. Grandin Printing Office, where they gave him sixty-four printed pages of the Book of Mormon. Unordained, but with the blessings of Oliver Cowdery and Hyrum Smith, Solomon Chamberlain left for Upper Canada, where he preached the Book of Mormon and what he knew of the principles of the restored gospel to whoever would listen. He observed:

"I took [the pages] with their leave and pursued my journey to Canada, and I preached all that I knew concerning Mormonism, to all both high and low, rich and poor. . . . I did not see any one in traveling for 800 miles, that had ever heard of the Gold Bible (so called) I exhorted all people to prepare for the great work of God that was now about to come forth, and it would never be brought down nor confounded."²²



Oliver Cowdery also gave loose sheets of the Book of Mormon to his brother Warren A. Cowdery as they came from the press. Warren Cowdery then showed them to others in the town of Freedom, Cattaraugus County, New York. William Hyde, an early proselyte, reported:

"In the year 1830 or 31, we began to hear something concerning the Book of Mormon, and the setting up of the Kingdom of God on earth in the last days. The little information that we gained upon this subject, until the Elders came preaching, was through Warren A. Cowdery, whose farm joined with ours. Warren A. obtained from his brother Oliver, at an early date, some of the proof sheets to the book of Mormon some of which we had the privilege of perusing, and we did not peruse any faster than we believed."²³

William Hyde, his father and mother, and other family members were baptized at Freedom, New York, in 1834.

Apparently, the Prophet Joseph Smith also used proof sheets to spread the work in Harmony. Pomeroy Tucker recorded such an instance, remarking, "The first and second books of 'Nephi,' and some other portions of the forthcoming revelation were printed in sheets;—and armed with a copy of these, Smith commenced other preparations for a mission to Pennsylvania, where he had some relatives residing."²⁴

The Prophet may also have wanted to demonstrate the reality of the forthcoming volume by displaying the pages. In his 22 October 1829 letter to Oliver Cowdery, Joseph Smith explained that the actuality of the book being printed was creating quite a stir locally. He reported, "There begins to be a great call for our books in this country. The minds of the people are very much excited when they find that there is a copyright obtained and that there is really a book about to be produced."²⁵

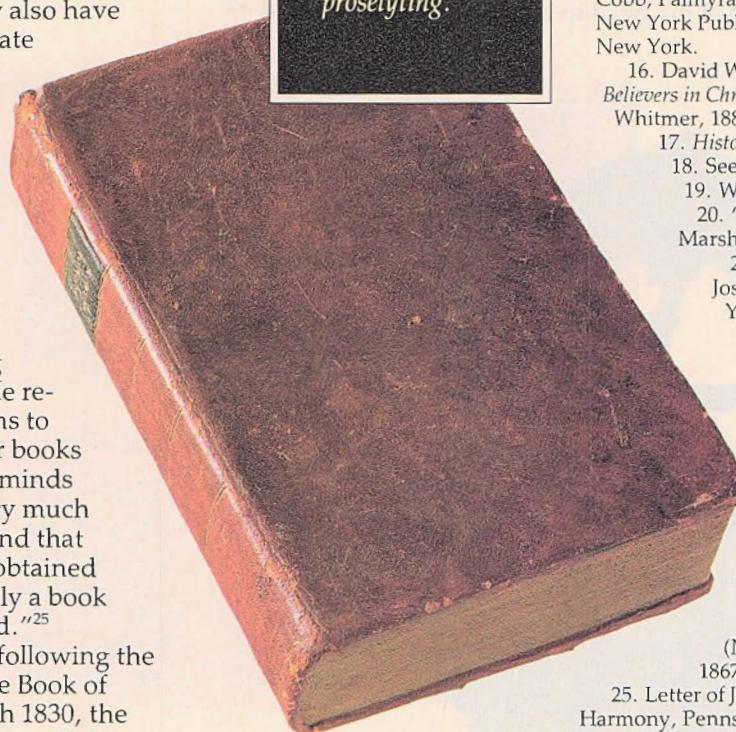
Just eleven days following the first public sale of the Book of Mormon on 26 March 1830, the restored church of Jesus Christ was

officially organized at the Peter Whitmer, Sr., home. For those in attendance, that great milestone opened the joyful prospect of their becoming members of the church and kingdom of God on earth with all its attendant blessings—not the least of which was a new volume of holy writ, the Book of Mormon, another testament of Jesus Christ. □

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NOTES

1. Journal of Edward Stevenson, 2 January 1887, p. 129.
2. David Whitmer interview with a reporter of the *Kansas City Daily Journal*, 5 June 1881.
3. *History of the Church*, 1:144.
4. *History of the Church*, 1:51; statement of Hyrum Smith, 16 February 1839, LDS Church Archives.
5. Lucy Smith, *Biographical Sketches of Joseph Smith the Prophet* (Liverpool: S. W. Richards, 1853), p. 135.
6. See note 2 above.
7. Interview of James H. Hart with David Whitmer, *Deseret Evening News*, 25 March 1884, p. 2.
8. *History of the Church*, 1:51.
9. Letter of Oliver Cowdery to Hyrum Smith, Fayette, New York, 14 June 1829, Joseph Smith Collection, LDS Church Archives.
10. *History of the Church*, 1:76–77 n.
11. *History of the Church*, 1:285 n.
12. *Journal of Discourses*, 5:102–3.
13. Letter of Jesse Smith to Hyrum Smith, Stockholm, New York, 17 June 1829, Joseph Smith Collection, LDS Church Archives.
14. *History of the Church*, 4:190.
15. Letter of John H. Gilbert to James T. Cobb, Palmyra, New York, 10 February 1879, New York Public Library, New York City, New York.
16. David Whitmer, *An Address to All Believers in Christ* (Richmond: David Whitmer, 1887), p. 32.
17. *History of the Church*, 1:74–75.
18. See note 16.
19. Whitmer, *An Address*, p. 33.
20. "History of Thos. Baldwin Marsh," *Deseret News*, 24 March 1858.
21. Letter of Oliver Cowdery to Joseph Smith, Manchester, New York, 6 November 1829, Joseph Smith Collection, LDS Church Archives.
22. Solomon Chamberlain, "A Short Sketch of the Life of Solomon Chamberlain," 11 July 1858, LDS Church Archives.
23. Journal of William Hyde, p. 46, LDS Church Archives.
24. Pomeroy Tucker, *Origin, Rise, and Progress of Mormonism* (New York: D. Appleton and Co., 1867), p. 56.
25. Letter of Joseph Smith to Oliver Cowdery, Harmony, Pennsylvania, 22 October 1829, Joseph Smith Collection, LDS Church Archives.





OBJECTIVE: To learn to avoid anger and contention.

"CHARITY IS NOT EASILY PROVOKED"

One Sunday morning Betty got up late and had only forty-five minutes to get herself and her children ready for church. They would have been on time if it hadn't been for Susan's lost shoe and the jam on David's shirt. Betty felt angry with David and Susan, and she had difficulty feeling a spirit of reverence during the meetings.

• Nervous at the prospect of her first oral examination at the university, Dorothy waited in the hall for her professor for half an hour—which made her even more nervous. The first question he asked confused her, and her mind went blank. She stumbled through the rest of the exam, and he told her that she should reevaluate her ability to comprehend complex ideas. Dorothy felt frustrated and angry.

• At the supermarket, Helen watched the woman in front of her in line redeem forty-two dollars' worth of coupons. Everyone behind Helen moved to another line. When Helen joined them, she ended up behind five people, feeling angry and frustrated.

• "Life is not fair," said one woman after a hard day. "The whole world provokes me!"

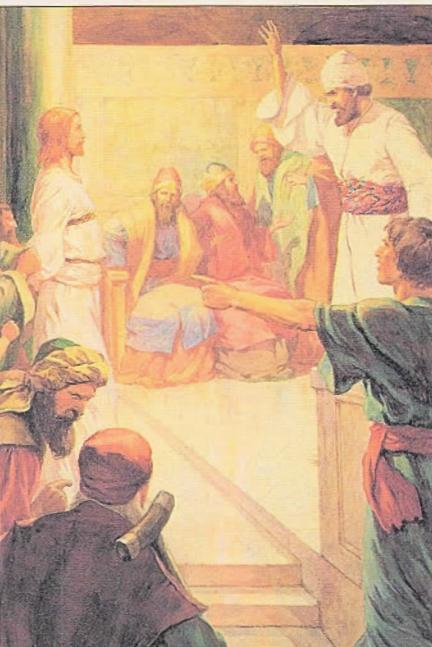
Most of us feel frustrated or impatient at times. But when we express those feelings by becoming angry with someone, we offend the Spirit and invite bitterness into our hearts. As we strive to come unto Christ and to perfect ourselves, we should ask ourselves not "What is fair?" but, humbly, "What would Jesus have me do?"

The Savior endured great persecution. We read that "they scourge him, and he suffereth it; and they smite him, and he suffer-

eth it. Yea, they spit upon him, and he suffereth it, because of his loving kindness and his long-suffering towards the children of men." (1 Ne. 19:9.) His response to those who crucified him was simply "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." (Luke 23:34.)

Although most of us don't have to deal with persecution, we are often "provoked" by small things. Rudeness, nagging, disobedience, waiting, disagreements, disappointment, and unfulfilled expectations can irritate us, particularly when we are tired, sick, or in a hurry.

At such times, our first impulse may be to react with irritation, anger, or contention. But we can choose to react instead with



By learning to avoid contention and to control our anger, we stop evil from being passed along and become more like the Savior.

charity and not be "easily provoked." (Moro. 7:45.) We can turn the other cheek

(see Matt. 5:38-39) and respond with patience and kindness.

How do we develop a spirit of charity that keeps us from being provoked? One approach is to concentrate on ways to control our anger or impatience. Taking a deep breath and stopping to think for a moment before speaking sometimes helps. Getting in the habit of asking ourselves what Jesus would have us do in a given situation can also help defuse anger and frustration.

For those who have a persistent problem with impatience and anger, fervent prayer can be a powerful help in overcoming the tendency to be provoked. Repentance, too, has a healing effect on a wounded spirit, and returning good for evil drains the heart of anger.

By learning to avoid contention and to control our anger, we stop evil from being passed along and become more like the Savior, whose sacrifice of self made eternal life possible for all who come unto him and emulate his example. □

SUGGESTIONS FOR VISITING TEACHERS

1. Read Matthew 18:15, 21-22 and discuss what the Savior taught us to do if we are offended by someone.

2. Think about some things that tend to provoke people. Talk about ways we can learn to react with charity in such situations, rather than with anger or frustration.

(See Family Home Evening Resource Book, pp. 31-35, 48-51, 79, 98-101, 106-108, 138-40, 168, 173-4, 180-81, 235-47, 251-53 for related materials.)

PARTNERS
IN
EVERYTHING BUT THE
CHURCH



ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID HOFF

Helping marriage when only one partner is active in the gospel.

By Renon Klossner Hulet

When Jane married Tony, a nonmember, she was sure that he would not long resist the beauty and grace of the church that contained the full gospel of Jesus Christ. She loved the gospel, she loved him—surely the two would naturally come together. But, as the years tumbled forward, and even after six children, Tony was no closer to becoming a member of the Church.

All this time, Jane suffered the dilemma that many active LDS members married to less-active or nonmember spouses share. She had two loves that she couldn't bring together.

The gospel grew to be more precious as Jane became a wife and then a mother. She wanted fervently to share the gospel message with her husband. At times, she wanted to shake the earth with her testimony so that he, her best friend and confidant, would leap suddenly into comprehension. Her existence, as well as that of her children and husband, had been enhanced by the Church's teachings and standards. Couldn't he see that?

Although she wanted Tony to understand her regard for the Church, she recognized that using the Church as a wedge would split, rather than solidify, her marriage. She had seen it happen before when husbands and wives tried to force the Church into their relationships, only to have anger and rebellion result.

Jane determined not to have to force a choice between the Church and her husband, making the Church her husband's enemy. If anything, the gospel was an ally, teaching her how to love, and understand, and forgive.

She felt that, aside from one's own personal relationship with God, a good marriage relationship was the most sacred concern of a husband and wife. She decided that converting Tony to the Church ought not be her primary goal, nor should the marriage be sacrificed to that end. "After ten years of disappointment," she says, "I decided to stop putting pressure on Tony to join the Church. Before we were married, my parents were upset about our engagement. They tried hard to discourage us, but, from the moment we married, they ceased their opposition and gave us 100 percent of their love and support. I should have followed their good example years earlier."

"So one day I said to Tony, 'You are more important to me than anything else, regardless of whether you join the Church.' Since then, we have been happier, and I have felt more peaceful."

"Tony treats me well; he has good values, and he is honest. But I had been feeling sorry for myself

because he wasn't a Church member. I decided to stop complaining and start being grateful. The Church doesn't make marriage work—love, acceptance, and trust do that. The Church is a guide, not a guarantee."

Church leaders have consistently counseled young people to marry within the Church. As President Spencer W. Kimball pointed out, "Religious differences imply wider areas of conflict. Church loyalties and family loyalties clash. Children's lives are often frustrated. . . . Without a common faith, trouble lies ahead for the marriage." (*The Miracle of Forgiveness*, Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, 1969, p. 240.)

For these and similar reasons, marriage within the Church should be a goal for every single member. But sometimes, for one reason or another, members find themselves united with a nonmember or a less-active member. In such circumstances, the choices a person can make where the Church is concerned are more limited, but there are still some decisions one can make. Among those choices is the decision to be patient, loving, and devoted.

President Kimball has written about the proper focus in marriage:

"The Lord says in no uncertain terms: 'Thou shalt love thy wife with all thy heart, and shalt cleave unto her and none else.' (D&C 42:22.) . . .

"The words *none else* eliminate everyone and everything. . . .

"Marriage presupposes total allegiance and total fidelity. Each spouse takes the partner with the understanding that he or she gives totally to the spouse all the heart, strength, loyalty, honor, and affection, with all dignity. . . . As we should have 'an eye single to the glory of God,' so should we have an eye, an ear, a heart single to the marriage and the spouse and family." (*Faith Precedes the Miracle*, Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Co., 1972, pp. 142–43.)

Hilaria, a young Church member in Denver, married a man that everyone thought was unworthy of her. He was a hard drinker and reckless with money. Almost immediately, the marriage ran into difficulties. But Hilaria possessed the magic of being happy.

As the years progressed, instead of becoming bitter and defensive, Hilaria became even more patient. Her children were reared tenderly, and she taught them to be loving and kind with each other, with her, and with their father. Five of the eight went on missions and all were married in the temple. Miraculously, the year before her husband's unexpected death, he accepted the gospel and was baptized.

What caused such a marvelous change?

Hilaria's sister says, "Hilaria never allowed her children or anyone else to talk negatively about their father. Sometimes he would come home at two or three in the morning, and my sister would wake all the kids and say, 'Your daddy is home! Come, kiss him, love him!'"

"When the children grew older and questioned their father's actions, she would say, 'Honey, don't judge your dad. He doesn't have the gospel yet. All we can do is love him and forgive him. He is a good man, and he is head of this family.'"

But was she happy?

"To her family, to us, to everyone," says Hilaria's sister, "she radiated happiness. But I'm sure she suffered. I also know how badly she wanted her husband to join the Church."

Hilaria talks about staying with a man many women would abandon:

"I never considered turning away from my love for and loyalty to my husband. He was a very good man, even though he did foolish things. He loved people. He helped others in need. We sometimes had a person, even whole families, live with us because my husband knew that they were out of work and needed someplace to go.

"We had great, genuine love in our family. I know that he loved me and the children and that he was proud of us. The good example of our children brought him into the Church. It was the happiest day of my life when he was baptized." They were married twenty-eight years before that happened.

I was reared in a part-member family. Our bishop counseled my mother to put her love for my nonmember father above all else, and my brothers and I grew up watching her devote herself to that advice. The bishop further counseled her not to fret or feel guilty when she had to limit some of her Church activity when my father objected to the amount of time it took her away from home.

My parents were committed to our family. Our home was peaceful and nonjudgmental. My father, though he never joined the Church, nevertheless respected it and harbored no ill will toward it. He even proudly supported me financially on my mission to Venezuela and Colombia.

There were difficult and painful times for us. Most poignantly, I recall when my parents sadly waited outside the Salt Lake Temple while I was married there. Still, they respected my decision and stood joyfully by my husband and me later during the reception with which they honored me. I have often felt sad that my father was not a member, and I have prayed all my life that he would someday join. On the positive side, however, I am grateful that my mother never belittled him and showed me a wonderful example of tolerance and love.

For less active members and nonmembers, the leap from where they are to full Church activity often seems too great. But some are willing to take small steps.

John, an enthusiastic member who joined the Church in his later years, nearly lost his wife to divorce because of his enthusiasm for the Church. The more he tried to convince her, the more stubbornly she resisted. Finally, John's bishop counseled him to "back away" and let the gentle beauties of the Church programs persuade her with their own merits.

Over the years that followed, John continued to faithfully attend his meetings alone, and his wife slowly softened toward the Church. She was impressed with the Relief Society homemaking program in particular, and taught many minicourses on cooking and gardening. Still, she never joined the Church.

In talking about his wife, John praises their marriage. He cautions others in a similar situation:

"Never, never use the gospel teachings to belittle the one you love. I believe that my love for my wife will last forever. Eternity is plenty of time for love, example, and patience to win out. In the meantime, let love and acceptance work its own special magic."

The gospel should be a blessing to any marriage. The Apostle Paul holds up Jesus Christ as an example:

"Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it. . . .

"And the wife see that she reverence her husband." (Eph. 5:25, 33.)

Paul also counseled Church members married to nonbelievers to be patient in their loyalty:

"The unbelieving husband is sanctified by the wife, and the unbelieving wife is sanctified by the husband. . . .

"For what knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband? or how knowest thou, O man, whether thou shalt save thy wife?"
(1 Cor. 7:14, 16.)

"Look inside for special guidance," advises one LDS wife who has struggled through times of bitterness in her marriage to a less-active spouse. "If one is committed to God and to the Lord, and if that relationship is secure, then peace of mind will prevail. Too many active Church members feel terrible guilt when their marriages are less than ideal, even though they feel they have faithfully done all they can."

Dr. Carl Fred Broderick affirms that "the Lord has promised again and again that if we do our part, nothing . . . has the power to deprive us of the blessings of the kingdom. . . . My faith is that God not only will provide for us, but that he will provide for us in ways that bring us unalloyed joy. . . . Whatever our final assignment, it will be not only just and merciful, but it will be beyond imagination, for 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.' (1 Corinthians 2:9.)" (*One Flesh, One Heart: Putting Celestial Love into Your Temple Marriage*, Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Co., 1986, p. 57.) □

Renon Klossner Hulet is Relief Society education counselor in the Butler Fourteenth Ward, Salt Lake Cottonwood Heights Stake.

I HAVE A QUESTION

Questions of general gospel interest answered for guidance, not as official statements of Church policy

Why doesn't the translation of the Egyptian papyri found in 1967 match the text of the Book of Abraham in the Pearl of Great Price?



Michael D. Rhodes, researcher in ancient scriptures, Brigham Young University. The papyri in question are a part of the collection of Egyptian

mummies and papyri that the Prophet Joseph Smith bought from Michael Chandler in 1835. After the Prophet's death, the papyri were lost to the Church. But in 1966, Dr. Aziz S. Atiya, a professor of Middle Eastern Studies at the University of Utah, discovered some twenty-two separate papyri fragments in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, which were clearly part of Joseph Smith's original collection. The papyri were acquired by the Church, and they are now located at Brigham Young University.

Perhaps the most famous of these papyri fragments is the one depicted in the book of Abraham as facsimile number one. It is said to represent Abraham being sacrificed on an altar by the priest of Elkenah. This picture can be connected with several of the other papyri fragments that relate to the text of an ancient Egyptian religious document known as the "Book of Sensen" or "Book of Breathings." Abraham refers to a picture in the text of the book of Abraham (Abr. 1:12), and this

picture is presumed to be the one we call facsimile one; therefore, some people have concluded that this Book of Breathings must be the text Joseph Smith used in his translation of the book of Abraham.

However, there are some serious problems associated with this assumption. First of all, from paleographic and historical considerations, the Book of Breathings papyrus can reliably be dated to around A.D. 60—much too late for Abraham to have written it. Of course, it could be a copy—or a copy of a copy—of the original written by Abraham. However, a second problem arises when one compares the text of the book of Abraham with a translation of the Book of Breathings; they clearly are not the same. Enemies of the Church have noted this and, without considering any other facts, have assumed that this proves the Prophet's translation to be a hoax.

Actually, there are two possible explanations why the text of the recently discovered papyri does not match the text in the Pearl of Great Price.

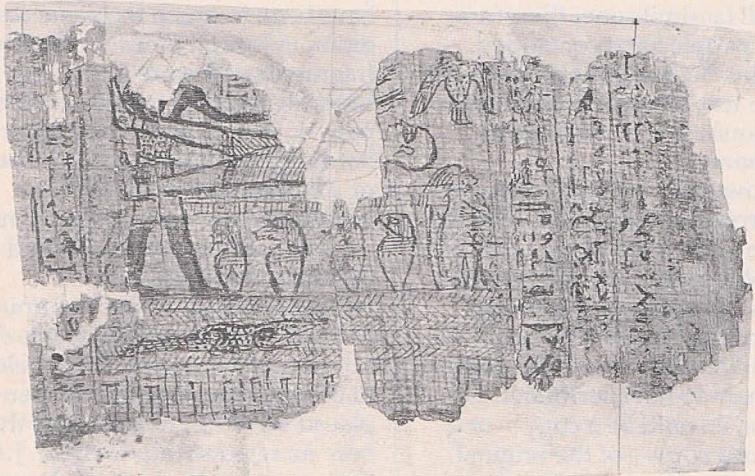
One explanation is that it may have been taken from a *different* portion of the papyrus rolls in Joseph Smith's possession. In other words, we don't have all the papyri Joseph Smith had—and what we do have is obviously not the text of the book of Abraham. The Prophet described the papyrus he used in translation in these words: "The record . . . found with the mummies, is beautifully written on papyrus, with black, and a small part red, ink or paint, in perfect preservation." (*History of the Church*, 2:348.) The Book of Breathings papyrus has no writing in red ink and is in an extremely

poor state of preservation. It must have been in much the same condition in Joseph Smith's day when fragments of it were glued haphazardly to other totally unrelated papyri. In fact, part of the outer border of facsimile two in the book of Abraham has some of these unrelated fragments inserted in it.

Although the picture found as facsimile one in the book of Abraham stands at the beginning of the Book of Breathings, this does not necessarily mean that it belongs to the text. The Egyptians often placed vignettes next to texts that bore no relationship to them. J.C. Goyon, in his study of the Louvre papyrus number 3279 (a Book of Breathings text, incidentally), says that the vignettes of religious papyri often have only a very distant connection with the subject of the accompanying text. (*Bibliotheque D'Etude*, Vol. XLII, "Le Papyrus du Louvre N. 3279," Cairo, 1966, p. 2.) Edouard Naville, in his invaluable publication of the Theban version of the Book of the Dead, also notes that the vignettes of many Book of the Dead papyri have absolutely nothing to do with the text they accompany and are clearly not meant to illustrate that text. (*Das Agyptische Totenbuch der XVIII., bis XX., Dynastie, Einleitung*, Berlin, 1886, p. 39.) Thus, the text that gave rise to the book of Abraham could have been located elsewhere on the same papyrus or even on another.

But if the text were on the same papyri, what is a text written by—or attributed to—Abraham doing with a bunch of pagan religious texts some two thousand years after his time? This is really not as unlikely as it may seem. The Egyptians had a mania for things of the past. It is not unreasonable to

I HAVE A QUESTION



Original papyrus fragment of Facsimile No. 1, from the book of Abraham.

suppose that Abraham's ancient record could have been copied many times through the generations and treasured for its antiquity centuries later. Perhaps it was just such a multigeneration copy that finally ended up with the mummies and documents that came into Michael Chandler's possession, a text that we do not now have.

A second explanation takes into consideration what Joseph Smith meant by the word *translation*. While translating the Book of Mormon, he used the Urim and Thummim rather than dictionaries and grammars of the language. Translating with the Urim and Thummim is evidently a much different process than using the tools of scholarly research.

Section seven of the Doctrine and Covenants provides us with a good example of that process. It is a revelation given to the Prophet through the Urim and Thummim of a translation of a "record made on parchment by John [the Revelator] and hidden up by himself."

(See section heading to D&C 7.) In other words, the document being translated wasn't even in the Prophet's possession; yet by means of the Urim and Thummim he was able to translate it.

His translation of the Bible, parts of which are in the book of Moses in the Pearl of Great Price, was also done without having the original text before him. Instead, while he was using the King James Version of the Bible, the correct meaning or content was revealed to him, including extensive revelations of both Enoch and Moses that are not found in the King James Version.

We can envision a possible similar process taking place in Joseph Smith's translation of the papyri he got from Michael Chandler. Instead of making a literal *translation*, as scholars would use the term, he used the Urim and Thummim as a means of receiving revelation. Even though a copy of Abraham's record possibly passed through the hands of many

scribes and had become editorially corrupted to the point where it may have had little resemblance to the original, the Prophet—with the Urim and Thummim, or simply through revelation—could have obtained the translation—or, as Joseph Smith used the word, he could have received the *meaning*, or *subject-matter content* of the original text, as he did in his translation of the Bible. This explanation would mean that Joseph Smith received the text of our present book of Abraham the same way he received the translation of the parchment of John the Revelator—he did not even need the actual text in front of him.

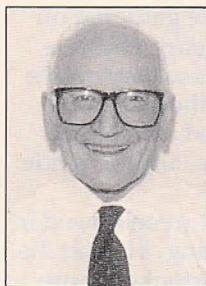
In reality, the actual method Joseph Smith used is far less important than the resulting book of scripture he produced. But here the Prophet's critics prefer to ignore the evidence of the text itself. The book of Abraham should be evaluated on the basis of what it claims to be: a record of Abraham. A wealth of material on Abraham has come to light since the Prophet's text was published, and the book of Abraham compares *astoundingly well with these documents*. (Hugh Nibley has discussed in detail the correlations between the book of Abraham and the subsequently discovered texts on Abraham. See *Abraham in Egypt*, 1981, and *The Message of the Joseph Smith Papyri, An Egyptian Endowment*, 1975, both published by Deseret Book Company.)

In the final analysis, however, the proof of the truth of the book of Abraham does not come by human means. As with all aspects of the restored gospel, "by the power of the Holy Ghost [we] may know the truth of all things." (Moro. 10:5.) I have studied the book of

I HAVE A QUESTION

Abraham, and the truth of it has been made known to me in a way I can't deny. I know that anyone who earnestly wants to know if the book of Abraham is true can also receive this same witness and knowledge from God. □

May the truth of the scriptures really be known by the power of the Holy Ghost?



Newell B. Stevenson, a sealer in the Oakland Temple and Gospel Doctrine teacher in the San Rafael First Ward, San Rafael California Stake.

The answer is, unequivocally, yes! However, when we speak of the "truth of the scriptures," we do not refer only to the historical truths contained in them, such as the fact that Jesus was a great teacher, that his Apostles were fearless advocates for their crucified Master, and that the Israelite nation had a stormy history and was at times a nation of influence in the Middle East. Every student of the scriptures can seek that knowledge through study and research. But knowing the "truth of the scriptures" also means knowing that the principles of salvation and eternal life that are recorded in them are true.

Jesus declared, "This is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." (John 17:3.) Thus, knowing the

truth of the scriptures means knowing that Jesus is the Son of God who atoned for our sins and made it possible for us to live again with our Father in Heaven. Such knowledge cannot come from books or research; it must come through the witness of the Holy Ghost.

We can learn a great deal about how the Spirit reveals the truth of the gospel from reading about Alma the Younger. As a young man, he actively persecuted the Saints and their leader, his own father. But because of the prayers of the Church and his righteous father, an angel of God appeared to Alma and commanded him to cease his persecutions. (See Mosiah 27.)

We might think that, since an angel had appeared to him, he knew the truth. But he said, "Do ye not suppose that I know of these things [the gospel] myself? Behold, I testify unto you that I do know that these things whereof I have spoken are true. And how do ye suppose that I know of their surety?"

"Behold, I say unto you they are made known unto me by the Holy Spirit of God. Behold, I have fasted and prayed many days that I might know these things of myself. And now I do know of myself that they are true; for the Lord hath made them manifest unto me by his Holy Spirit; and this is the spirit of revelation which is in me." (Alma 5:45-46.)

Even the appearance of an angel and his instructions to Alma did not give him the knowledge he sought! He gained his understanding not from the angel, but after fasting and praying for many days. Then—and only then—did he receive the manifestation of the

Holy Spirit that the gospel is true.

Paul taught the Corinthians that it was only through the Spirit that one could know that the gospel was true. "God hath revealed [the truth of the gospel] unto us by his Spirit: for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God," he wrote, adding that "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: Neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." (1 Cor. 2:10, 14.)

My father loved the scriptures and spent many hours studying them. He enjoyed talking about what he had read, and often tears came to his eyes as we talked about some exciting "new" bit of scripture. Among the earliest things I remember about my father was that he knew the scriptures and knew that they were words from "holy men of God [who] spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." (2 Pet. 1:21.)

I also remember the first time I read the Book of Mormon. My heart burned with great excitement, and the Holy Ghost let me know that the things I was reading were true. When I reached the end of 2 Nephi, tears filled my eyes because of the great love I felt for Nephi. I know that the scriptures are true because their truth has been revealed to me by the Spirit.

As we study and ponder the scriptures and seek our Heavenly Father in prayer, each of us can, by the power of the Holy Ghost, receive our own witness that the scriptures are true. Then, as Nephi wrote, "he that diligently seeketh shall find; and the mysteries of God shall be unfolded unto [him], by the power of the Holy Ghost." (1 Ne. 10:19.) □

The Chaplain Changed His Mind

By Ralph Mortensen

We bid farewell to our loved ones, shouldered our duffel bags, and walked up the loading ramp onto the *Sea Ray*, a merchant marine ship docked in San Francisco.

The Philippines, forty-four days away, was our destination, where we would serve as replacements during World War II. Of the 2,500 men who swarmed the decks, at least three of us were Latter-day Saints. More than anything, we wanted to meet together in our own sacrament meeting.

We approached the ship's chaplain and asked if we could use the chapel for our meetings. We were surprised when he said he didn't have the time to conduct a special meeting for so few. We would have to attend one of the meetings held for other faiths.

We explained that we would conduct our own meetings, and that we only needed the chapel at a time when it wasn't in use. He insisted that there were not enough of us to make it worthwhile to occupy the chapel. We responded that it would be worthwhile to the three of us.

We continued to ask. He continued to reject. Finally he left, emphatic that we would have to attend one of the services already scheduled.

So we began looking for a secluded spot on that crowded ship. Every available space on deck was occupied by soldiers who preferred the fresh ocean air to the crowded, stuffy quarters below deck. After searching the ship from end to end, we decided the only way we could meet was to sit cross-legged on the crowded superstructure of the deck and

study the scriptures together. We wouldn't be able to enjoy the privacy and freedom that would allow us to partake of the sacrament and to sing and pray, but at least we could be together.

While we were discussing our options, the ship's shrill whistle interrupted our conversation. "Now hear this," the loudspeaker blared. "There will be a church service held at six o'clock in room 45 for all Latter-day Saints." We were shocked, yet pleased that we had been granted a place to meet, and we wondered what had changed the chaplain's mind.

It was already ten to six, so we scurried to the stairs and descended into what had been a food-storage area. The large room was cluttered with long, thick shipping planks and small wooden barrels. There was no furniture anywhere. But we were excited to have a place where we could partake of the sacrament, sing, and pray.

We began to make benches of the planks and barrels. Before long, young men dressed in combat green fatigues began to descend the stairs, asking if this was the place for the LDS meeting. They pitched in, and soon the room looked organized and ready for services. The sound of boots on the stairway continued. When we counted, there were thirty of us for our first meeting in what had hurriedly become "our lower room."

Using the songs and prayers in our servicemen's edition of *Principles of the Gospel*, we made all the arrangements for a special sacrament meeting. For the sacrament, we partook of the bread from half of a field mess kit and drank water from the same canteen cup. We felt the Spirit of the Lord rest upon

us as we listened to impromptu talks and instructions. Our hearts were touched as we were drawn together in our feelings of love for our Heavenly Father and his Beloved Son. Memories of our families and homes became vivid and warm.

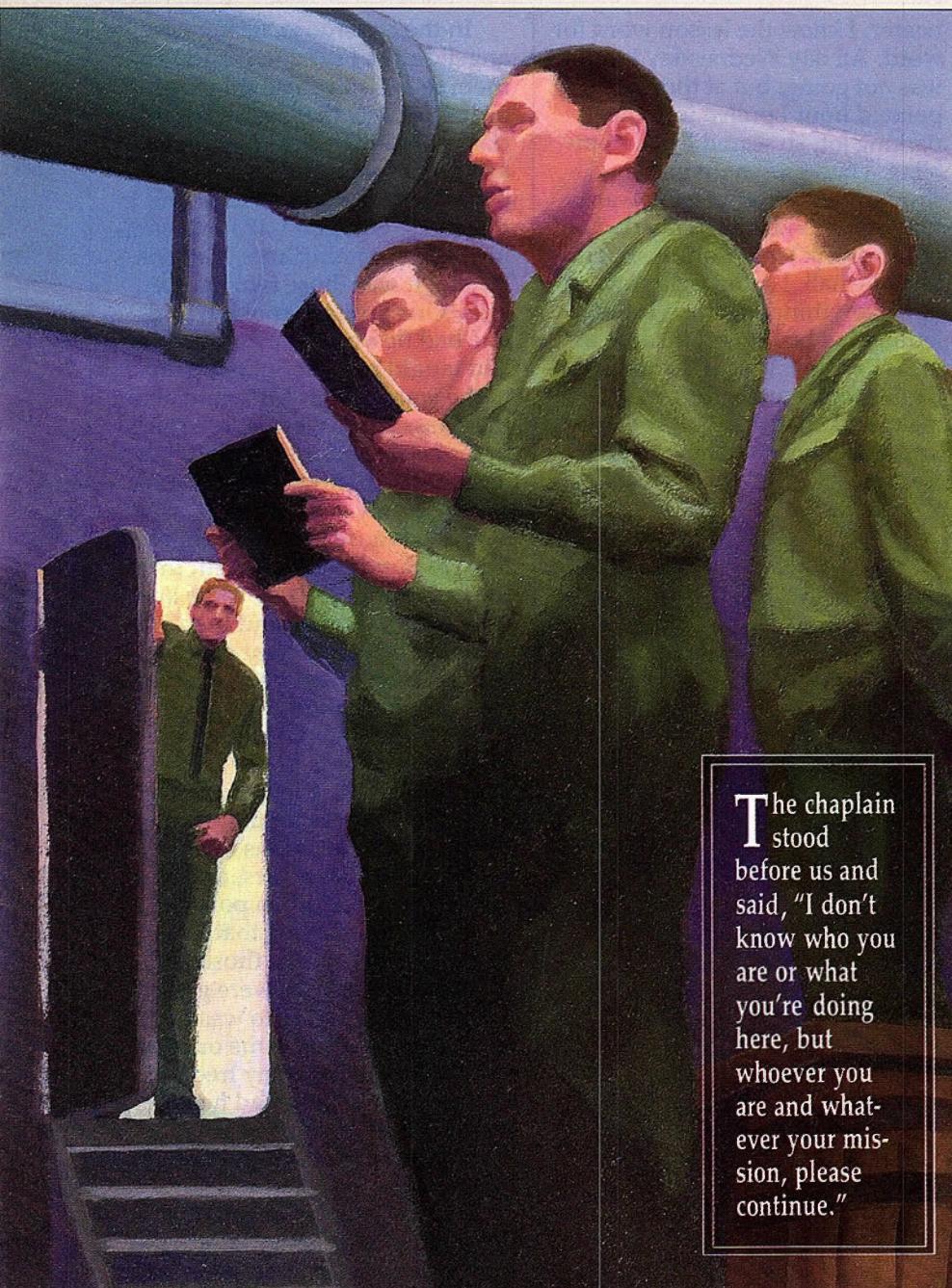
We lingered after the meeting, not wanting the time to end. It was the nearest thing to home we would experience while at sea. All week, we looked forward to the next service. These gatherings became bright spots that carried us through some discouraging days.

Our services continued Sunday after Sunday. Unknown to us, the meetings had attracted the attention and curiosity of the chaplain. When we gathered on fast Sunday in January 1945, we were astonished to see our ship's chaplain descend the stairs into our room. He asked if he might attend our services, and we made him welcome.

Men in combat green bowed in reverent prayer, sang, blessed the sacrament, and partook of those emblems with humility and sincerity. After the sacrament, one by one, the men stood and bore testimonies that were filled with gratitude for the teachings of good parents, for homes where love and fun and happiness were a part of growing up, for the restoration of the gospel of Jesus Christ to the earth, and for living prophets.

After the meeting, the chaplain approached and asked if he could speak to us during our next service. We granted his request without hesitation.

Sunday came, and we turned the time over to the chaplain after administering the sacrament. He stood before us as we sat upon our pews of plank and barrels. "I don't know who you are or what you're doing here, but whoever you are and whatever your mission, please continue," he said. "In all



The chaplain stood before us and said, "I don't know who you are or what you're doing here, but whoever you are and whatever your mission, please continue."

the years I studied to become a minister, in all the services I have conducted, in all the church councils I have attended—I have never been lifted spiritually as I was in your meeting last Sunday. Please continue to set the example for others that you have set here."

We were impressed by the obvious change that had taken place in his heart and mind concerning Latter-day Saints.

We continued to meet in our sacred lower room each Sunday until we reached the shores of Leyte in the Philippines and the

tides of war scattered us throughout the South Pacific. Since then I have often wondered about the chaplain and where he is today. I am thankful to him for providing us with a place to meet. And I am grateful for those special meetings that we held in "our lower room." □

Ralph Mortensen, an elementary school principal, is high priests group leader in the Alamosa First Ward, Alamosa Colorado Stake.

"Not Me—I Smoke and Drink"

By Joan Atkinson

One day about twenty-five years ago I was busy ironing and baby-sitting several children in my home. I was also enjoying a good soap opera and a cigarette.

The doorbell rang. Two men wearing business suits and warm smiles stood at the door. One of them introduced himself as the bishop of the ward. I invited them in and very quickly explained that I had been baptized into the Church when I was ten, but that I had never been very active and knew nothing about the gospel. A few months earlier I had attended a Church meeting and had put my name and address on the roll sheet, but no one had spoken to me.

The bishop smiled, looked me in the eye, and said, "I have been praying for an MIA teacher, and the Lord directed me here." I told him he was out of his mind. He continued to smile, opened the lesson book he'd brought with him, and started to explain about teaching the class.

"I don't know what you're talking about," I said. "I smoke and drink. I can't teach sixteen-year-old girls."

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He then explained that I was to start teaching next Wednesday at the skating rink where they met for church. I kept saying, "no," and he kept right on smiling. I told him I was inactive.

He said, "Not anymore."

I said, "I smoke."

He replied, "You have until next Wednesday. God loves you. You can do it." He smiled, left the lesson book, and walked out the door.

I was stunned. Then I got mad and yelled at the air, "You'd better find someone else, because I'm not going to do it!"

I tried to ignore the book, but my curiosity got the better of me. I read it from cover to cover, all twelve lessons. Wednesday drew

nearer. I knew the lesson word for word. All day Wednesday I said I was not going, but at the appointed hour I pulled into the parking lot, so scared I was trembling. I had grown up in the slums, lived through gang wars, fought for food, bailed my dad out of the drunk tank, done a stint in juvenile hall. I could fight my way out of anything, yet here I was, letting that bishop get me into a mess like this. Well, I'd show him! By this time I was sitting in the makeshift chapel and they were introducing me as a new Laurel teacher.

In the classroom, facing two angelic girls, I sat down and gave them the lesson word for word, even the parts that said "Ask the class." After the class I left quickly and went home and cried. A few days later the doorbell rang and I thought, "Oh, good, it's that smiling bishop coming after his book." But no, it was those two Laurel girls. One brought cookies, and one had flowers. They came in and taught me—about the people in the ward, about MIA, and about the class. There were sixteen girls in the class, and they hadn't had a teacher for months. Lila and Lois were the only active ones.

I liked those girls, and I agreed to go to Sunday School with them the next Sunday. They came home with me for dinner, and then we went back to sacrament meeting. We had a break between the two meetings back then.

With their help, I started teaching the other girls. If the girls wouldn't come to church, we went wherever they were.

We had lessons in bowling alleys, cars, and bedrooms, and on porches. I was determined that if I

needed to go to class, those girls did too. One day we were giving the lesson to a girl who was hiding in a closet, and she came out and asked, "What about my free agency?" I told her I had never heard of that lesson and that she could come and teach us the next Wednesday.

Lila and Lois became like daughters to me. They taught me to sew, to look up scriptures, and most of all, to smile. Six months later, fourteen of the girls were coming to class, and all were active within a year. Together we learned to pray, to study the gospel, and to help others. We made many visits to the children's hospital. We laughed together and cried together in a bond of love.



The bishop smiled, looked me in the eye, and said, "I have been praying for an MIA teacher, and the Lord directed me here." I told him he was out of his mind.

Fifteen months later, I was president of the MIA.

I made a decision during that year of teaching that I would never say "no" to the bishop, and I never have. Two sixteen-year-old girls taught me that. I later learned that my smiling bishop was just as terrified of me as I was of him when he first came to my home, and he was sure I wouldn't show up to teach the class. I sure showed him—and I'm grateful! □

Joan Atkinson, a preschool teacher, is homemaking leader in the Palos Verdes (California) First Ward.

Cornmans' Request

By Linda J. Eames

During the Great Depression, my father, Owen M. Jensen, served a mission in what was then the Eastern States Mission. Through the years, he spoke only occasionally about his mission, so we were surprised when he shared with us an experience he had had with Joseph and Irene Cornman.

A few years ago, my father received a visitation in the middle of the night from two spiritual beings whom he recognized as the Cornmans, a couple he had taught while on his mission. He had spent a lot of time working with them, but they had never been baptized.

Dad says that he was wide awake and was not at all frightened as they conversed. The Cornmans looked the same as he had remembered them fifty years ago. They told him that they had now fully embraced the gospel but could progress no further until their temple ordinance work was done. Would he do it?

Mother awoke and found Father sitting on the bed, thumbing through his missionary

journal. He soon found that Joseph and Irene had lived in Towson, Maryland.

Mother and Dad went to Salt Lake City, where they tried in vain to research the Cornmans. For the next year and a half, every effort proved futile. A Maryland genealogist whom Mother and Dad hired reported that the Cornmans had moved from Towson in 1944 and she could trace them no further. The search seemed at a dead end.

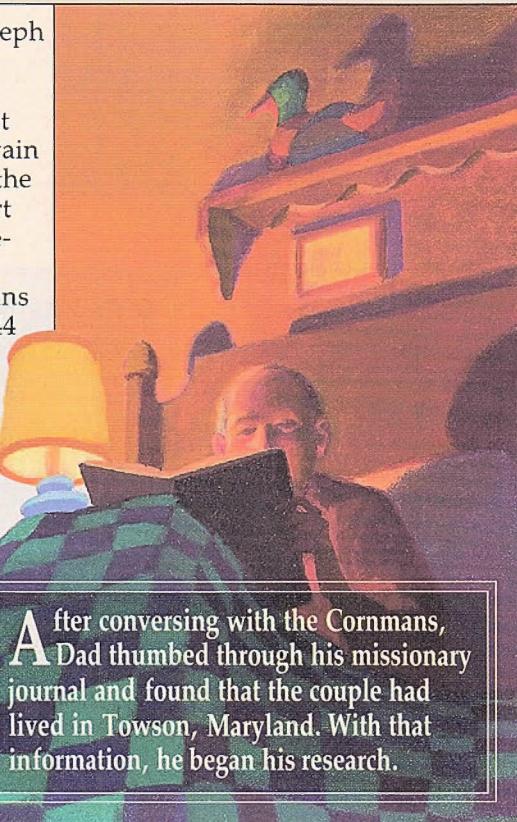
About this time, my parents traveled east to meet their grandson, who was finishing his mission. They met him in New York, then traveled to Washington, D.C. On their way, they made a point of going through Towson, Maryland.

What Dad had remembered as a town of five thousand people had become a sprawling city of eighty-four thousand. Mother said she felt a warm feeling come over her as they drove into the Towson area. She felt as if someone was urging her onward.

Dad easily found the old Cornman home, but the present occupants knew nothing of the Cornmans. My parents split up and went door-to-door, asking people if they knew anyone who might remember the Cornmans.

They were eventually referred to Isabel Justice, who was in a local nursing home. Miss Justice, a sharp nonagenarian, remembered the Cornmans well. In fact, she had recently received a letter from their daughter, Ruth, who lived in Gaithersburg, Maryland.

Ruth remembered Dad as a missionary, and she invited my parents to visit her. As they talked, she asked, "Why are you so interested in my parents?"



After conversing with the Cornmans, Dad thumbed through his missionary journal and found that the couple had lived in Towson, Maryland. With that information, he began his research.

Father recounted all that had taken place, including the visitation from her parents and their request to him. He told her they had fully embraced the gospel of Jesus Christ and desired to be sealed to their family for eternity.

Ruth provided what information she could remember right then, and told them she would have exact dates by the next morning. The following day, Dad and Mother got all the information necessary to complete the temple work for Joseph and Irene Cornman.

The experience increased the testimony of our whole family, not only of the continuing progress made in the spirit world and the importance of temple work, but of the eternal effects of our earthly missionary efforts. □

Linda J. Eames works in real estate and serves as a Sunday School teacher in the Rexburg (Idaho) Nineteenth Ward.

Contest Winners

ENSIGN WRITING CONTESTS

Feature Article Contest

First place (\$400), Sheron Schauerhamer Gibb, Tigard, Oregon, for "A Bond of Trust" (see p. 68, this issue); second place (\$300), Steven L. Olsen, Salt Lake City, Utah, for "Abridging the Records of the Zoramite Mission: Mormon's Lesson from History on Prayer"; third place (\$250), Roger K. Terry, Orem, Utah, for "The Automatic Teller Mentality: Tithing and the Mechanical Mormon."

Personal Essay Contest

First place (\$300), Michelle H. Bagley, Salt Lake City, Utah, for "Feed My Lambs" (see p. 61); second place (\$250), LeAnn C. Drake, Salt Lake City, Utah, for "Today's Prodigal"; third place (\$200), Dora D. Flack, Bountiful, Utah, for "Rose-Colored Glasses."

Short Story Contest

First place (\$400), Martine Bates, High River, Alberta, for "She Who Hath Ears" (see p. 66); second place (\$300), Nani Lii S. Furse, Hurricane, Utah, for



"Of an Afternoon"; third place (\$250), Roger K. Terry, Orem, Utah, for "Winter Gardens."

The Eliza R. Snow Poetry Contest

First place (\$75), Lynette K. Allen, Ames, Iowa, for "Disciples at Gennesaret"; second place (\$60), Mary Young, Sumner, Washington, for "Harvester: Elder Kovila from Kenya"; third place (\$50), Sarah M. Harris, Kaysville, Utah, for "Homecoming" (see pp. 64–65). Honorable mentions, Carolyn Manning Brink, Fort Collins, Colorado, for "Degrees of Light"; Dixie Lee Partridge, Richland, Washington, for "Light"; and E. L. Younkin, Fresno, California, for "Man of Oslo."

THE CHURCH MUSIC CONTESTS

Children's Song Division

First place (\$250), Sally DeFord, Mountain View, California, for "If I Had Been in Bethlehem"; second place (\$200), Brent Jorgensen and Barbara G. Dykstra, Mesa, Arizona, for "Listen to the Still Small

Voice"; third place (\$150), Grietje Terburg Rowley, West Jordan, Utah, for "Suffer the Little Children." Honorable mentions, Ruth Gibbons Stoneman, Salt Lake City, Utah, for "If We Have Love"; Kristin H. Cornilles, West Linn, Oregon, for "Study the Scriptures."

Song Division

First place (\$250), Lynn S. Lund and Mabel Jones Gabbott, Bountiful, Utah, for "Come to Me"; second place (\$200), Kristin H. Cornilles, West Linn, Oregon, for "My Silent Prayer"; third place (\$150), Carol Baker Black and Jaclyn Thomas Milne, Washington, Utah, for "Where the Spirit of the Lord Is." Honorable mentions, Ruth B. Gatrell, Farmington, Utah, for "Put On the Whole Armour of God"; Wayne Z. McBride, Charleston, South Carolina, for "My Prayer."

Hymn Division

First place (\$250), Jenny W. Francis, Barnwell, Alberta, for "If Christ Should Speak to Me"; second place (\$200), Christine A. Marsh, West Valley City, Utah, for "Consecration"; third place (\$150), Jenna B. Mosley, Franklin, Arizona, for "Praise the Lord." Honorable mentions, Janice Kapp Perry, Provo, Utah, for "Be Still and Know That I Am God"; Nita Dale Milner, Salt Lake City, Utah, for "In Prayer."

Anthem/Hymn Arrangement Division

First place (\$250), Sheryl Martineau, West Bountiful, Utah, for "Reverence Medley"; second place (\$200),

Caroleen Lee, Cedar City, Utah, for "I Think When I Read That Sweet Story"; third place (\$150), Marilyn F. Dale, Admin. Support Unit, FPO, NY, for "Benediction." Honorable mentions, Kathleen L. Mickelsen and Kenneth W. Plain, Salt Lake City, Utah, for "Ye Daughters of God, Arise"; Grietje Terburg Rowley, West Jordan, Utah, for "God Bless Our Prophet Dear"; Lynn S. Lund, Bountiful, Utah, for "Oh, How Great the Goodness of My God."

Instrumental Compositions or Arrangements Division

First place (\$250), Vanja Y. Watkins, Salt Lake City, Utah, for "Sweet Hour of Prayer"; second place (\$200), Weldon L. Whipple, Rochester, Minnesota, for "Prelude on Lead Kindly Light"; third place (\$150), Jenny W. Francis, Barnwell, Alberta, for "Reverence." Honorable mentions, Jenna B. Mosley, Franklin, Arizona, for "Oh, How Lovely Was the Morning"; Janice Kapp Perry, Provo, Utah, for "I Walk by Faith—Prelude."

RELIEF SOCIETY SONG CONTEST

First place (\$250), Sally DeFord, Mountain View, California, for "If I Have But a Moment"; second place (\$200), Nita Dale Milner, Salt Lake City, Utah, for "Let These Hands Do Good Work"; third place (\$150), Lynne M. Anderson, Salt Lake City, Utah, for "To Serve by Love." Honorable mentions (\$50), Linda Rasmussen Chapman, Tucson, Arizona, and Fawn M.

Rasmussen, Logan, Utah, for "Don't They Know You're the King?"; Mabel Jones Gabbott and Lynn S. Lund, Bountiful, Utah, for "The Bread of Life." Non-English honorable mentions (\$50),

Sylvi Sjöcrona and Asa Ahlström, Farjestaden, Sweden; Yumiko Shimoda, Tokyo, Japan; Mayumi Ban, Kyoto, Japan; Gisela M. Klein, Frankfurt, West Germany. □

RULES FOR THE 1989 WRITING AND MUSIC CONTESTS

New Feature Article Category for 1989

Categories for 1989's ENSIGN contests will be somewhat different from 1988's. Instead of a "feature article" contest and a "personal essay" contest, there will be two different feature article contests: one contest devoted strictly to articles on the Old Testament (the scripture of emphasis for 1990 throughout the Church), and the other contest focusing on aspects of LDS lifestyle. (See rules for these contests below.) Another change is that there will be no short story category in 1989. The Eliza R. Snow Poetry Contest will continue as it has in the past.

These contests are now open. Also open are the Church Music Contest (sponsored by the General Music Committee) and the Relief Society Song Contest. All of these contests are designed to promote the creation of works for use at home and church and to encourage LDS professional and amateur writers and composers.

General Rules (Please follow all rules carefully)

1. Entries must be postmarked no later than **31 October 1988**.
2. Contests are open to all Latter-day Saints age eighteen and over.
3. You may submit only one entry in each category.
4. Entries in the writing contests must be in English and typewritten, double-spaced, on 8 1/2-by-11-inch white paper (one side only).
5. Manuscripts may be a good copy of the original. *They will not be returned.*
6. Your name must not appear on your manuscripts.
7. Attach the following statement to each entry: "I am a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The manuscript submitted, titled _____, is my original work. It has not been published elsewhere, is not being considered for publication elsewhere, and will not be submitted elsewhere until the contest results have been determined." Sign the statement and give your address,

phone number, and Social Security number.

8. We will award cash prizes for first, second, and third place entries, as listed below. We may also name "merit winners" and give purchase awards. We reserve the right not to award all prizes.

9. We will announce the winning entries in the July 1989 ENSIGN. Winners will be notified by 30 April 1989. If you have not been notified by that time, you may then submit your material elsewhere.

10. Winning entries must be free from copyright restrictions since the Church reserves the right to copy-right and publish them. (This generally does not restrict other uses of the material by the originator.) We reserve the right to make editorial changes as needed.

ENSIGN WRITING CONTESTS

Old Testament Article Contest

1. The Old Testament will be the curriculum for adult Church members during 1990. Since the ENSIGN is scheduled to publish a special issue on the Old Testament in January 1990, followed by additional articles throughout the year, we invite Church members to contribute articles on the Old Testament for the 1989 contest.

2. Articles should be carefully researched and fully documented.

3. Entries will be judged on originality, depth of insight, and strength of expression.

4. Articles must not exceed 3,000 words.

5. First place, \$500;

second, \$400; third, \$300.
6. Send entries to:
Old Testament Article
Contest, ENSIGN, 50 East
North Temple Street,
Salt Lake City, Utah 84150.

LDS Life-style Article Contest

1. Feature articles in the LDS Life-style Article Contest may be written on any subject suitable for use in the ENSIGN. We especially encourage articles on subjects such as the following: LDS scripture and doctrine other than the Old Testament; Latter-day Saint life (such as marriage, parenthood, concerns of single adults, missionary work, reactivation, family history, home teaching, etc.); and accounts of contemporary Latter-day Saints.

2. We welcome personal reflections and experiences.

3. Entries will be judged on originality, depth of insight, and strength of expression.

4. Articles must not exceed 3,000 words.

5. First place, \$500; second, \$400; third, \$300.

6. Send entries to: LDS Life-style Article Contest, ENSIGN, 50 East North Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah 84150.

The Eliza R. Snow Poetry Contest

1. The Eliza R. Snow Poetry Contest is open to all Latter-day Saint men and women.

2. Entries will be judged on artistic merit, originality, and general appeal.

3. The poem must not exceed 50 lines.

4. First place, \$100; second, \$90; third, \$80.

5. Send entries to: Eliza R. Snow Poetry Contest, ENSIGN, 50 East North Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah 84150.

THE CHURCH MUSIC CONTEST

This contest, sponsored by the General Music Committee, is funded through the generosity of anonymous donors.

1. Follow General Rules above.

2. You may submit one entry in each of five categories: (a) song, (b) children's song, (c) hymn, (d) anthem or hymn arrangement, and (e) instrumental composition or arrangement (for organ, piano, strings, etc.). Write the name of the category in parentheses beneath the title of your entry.

3. Songs and children's songs should reflect gospel ideals and should be suitable for home or church use. Hymns should be suitable for home, congregation, or choir use. Anthems and hymn arrangements (sacred choral works in unison, or two, three, or four parts) should be suitable for use by ward and branch choirs. Instrumental compositions (such as organ or piano preludes and hymn arrangements) should be suitable for home or church use.

4. Songs, children's songs, anthems, and hymn arrangements should include either piano or organ accompaniment.

5. You must not use the services of an arranger.

6. Entries will be judged on usefulness for home or church, general appeal, artistic merit, ease of performance, originality, and compatibility of text and music. Compactness of written composition is encouraged because shorter works are more likely to be used in Church publications.

7. Each entry should include (1) a good copy of text and music together, in neat manuscript form, on 8 1/2-by-11-inch paper, one side only; (2) a copy of the text only (if applicable), typewritten, double-spaced, on 8 1/2-by-11-inch paper; and (3) a signed statement (see General Rules, number 7; if two persons collaborate, both should sign the required statement). Please do not send tapes.

8. The following prizes may be awarded in each category: first place, \$250; second, \$200; third, \$150.

9. Send entries to Church Music Contest, Music Division, 50 East North Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah 84150.

RELIEF SOCIETY SONG CONTEST

Women eighteen years of age and over may enter the Relief Society Song Contest, sponsored by the Eccles Music Fund.

1. Follow General Rules above.

2. Rules 6 and 7 for the Church Music Contest (above) also apply to this contest.

3. Songs should reflect gospel ideals and should be suitable for use by Relief Society choirs (unison, two parts, or three parts).

4. The following prizes may be awarded: first place, \$250; second, \$200; third, \$150.

5. A category is also open for non-English entries.

6. Send entries to Relief Society Song Contest, Church Music Division, 50 East North Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah 84150. □

FEED MY LAMBS

By Michelle H. Bagley

I opened the screen door and stepped inside. The smell of sourdough bread and lamb chops lingered in the air.

"Knock, knock," I called out. "Anybody home?" I wandered into the kitchen looking for my grandparents.

"Well, look who's here. How are you?" Grandma asked, giving me a big hug.

"Ummm, good." I kissed her on the cheek and settled into a chair next to Grandpa, who sat with his head on his chest, his eyes closed. Grandma and I visited while I made short work of a bowl of pistachios that sat on the table. I was well into the bowl when Grandpa stirred.

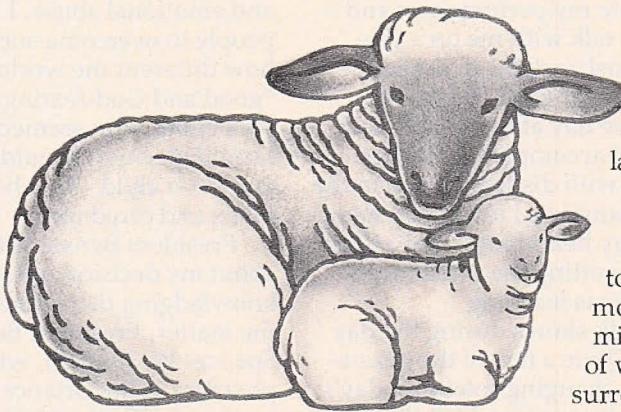
"Hello, Grandpa," I said. "How are you?"

He nodded that he was fine.

"How are the sheep?" I asked. Though he was in his nineties, Grandpa still kept a herd of sheep. He always liked to talk about them.

"Oh, I don't know," he said, in his Greek accent. "We need rain out there badly. There's not enough water for them, and the ewes are lambing." He was speaking about his winter sheep range—a piece of Utah desert where spring rains were rarely plentiful.

Grandpa continued, warming up to his subject. "If we don't get a good rain, we'll lose some of the herd. Right now, there's enough water, but there are few watering holes. When the sheep see the water, they run to it. The good mothers wait to make sure their lambs get to the watering hole and don't get lost. But some of the ewes run immediately to the water and look for their lambs only after they've had a drink. By that time, the lambs have usually gotten separated from them. It's hard for the ewes to find their lambs, and the lambs often die without their mothers to care for them. We get a lot of bum lambs that way."



I thought about the lambs Grandpa had given me to raise. I had always loved bottle-feeding them, even when I had to get up early in the morning to make up their milk. They were a lot of work, and even with a surrogate mother the littlest ones' survival rate was poor.

I soon excused myself to take our turn at the irrigation water. The lawn was parched, much in need of watering. We lived fairly close to Grandma and Grandpa, so I cut across the sheep pasture and followed the ditch to the headgates. I patted my blossoming tummy as I walked. Grandpa's words stuck in my mind, and I wondered what kind of mother I would be—and what kind of mother I already was, since the child I was expecting would be our second. Motherhood, I had discovered, was a lot more difficult than I had ever imagined.

I reached the headgates that controlled the flow of water. Noticing by my watch that our turn hadn't officially started yet, I sat down in the crabgrass at the edge of the ditch and tossed pieces of it into the water.

Motherhood was a challenge. Before our first child was born, I had naively wanted twins because I planned to quit my job and worried that I might be bored as a full-time homemaker. Then our baby girl had arrived, and I had found myself scheduling my every minute around her.

As the oldest child in our family, I had thought that I knew all there was to know about being a mother. I had been in charge whenever Mom and Dad were away, and although I hadn't spent a lot of time caring for babies, I had cared for lambs.

But babies, I had found out, were vastly different from lambs. Lambs didn't keep one up until two in the morning with colic, and they didn't have to

be diapered. They enjoyed being fed and played with occasionally—and that was that.

"It isn't as easy as I thought it would be," I said aloud, to no one in particular, my arms resting on my knees.

Giving up a full-time teaching position to stay at home with my baby daughter had been a big adjustment. I had felt torn between wanting to go back to work and not wanting to leave my child to be cared for by someone else. I loved teaching and found it rewarding and fulfilling. It gave me an opportunity to interact with other people and to receive immediate rewards for my work.

As a full-time homemaker, I had no paycheck to let me know that my time and efforts were valuable. There was no one to evaluate my performance and praise me if I did well, or to talk with me on a professional level. When my husband, Brad, asked me what I had done while he was at work, I couldn't really answer. With an entire day at home and only one child, I felt that I should accomplish wonders. But often, after a busy day, with dishes stacked in the sink and the bedroom in shambles, I felt totally inept as a homemaker. Deep in my heart I knew my efforts were valuable, but I wasn't getting the public accolades I had enjoyed while I was teaching.

I listened to television talk shows during the day while I cleaned the house. Quite a few of the discussions centered on women's changing roles in today's world. Many of the women interviewed felt that they had to be career-oriented in order to be successful. Most of them were wives and mothers and were also successful in their jobs. I listened while changing diapers, folding clothes, and making dinner—and I felt envious. It made me tired just to think of coming home from a day of work and having to do all I was doing. I couldn't imagine having small children and a full-time career!

If those women could do all they were doing, I thought that I should be able to do all I wanted to do. I wondered if they knew the secret of time management—or perhaps were more intelligent than I was. I began to feel inferior. Whenever anyone had asked me what I did, I had always responded proudly, "I'm a teacher." But now, I found myself answering apologetically, "I'm just a housewife." I began feeling guilty about being "just" a mother, and then felt guilty for feeling guilty. It was a vicious cycle.

Glancing at my watch, I realized with a start that our watering turn had begun. I lifted the gate to release the water into the ditch and watched the water gush down its new path. Then I walked toward home, checking to make sure nothing interfered with the course of the water.

I sighed. Those talk shows had kept me from feeling content in my role as a mother. I had wondered whether I were lazy or selfish to want to stay at home with my children. I had become so confused about my choice that I had looked up every scripture I could find on motherhood. At about that time, President

Ezra Taft Benson had delivered his fireside address, "To the Mothers in Zion." That talk had been an answer to my prayers.

In it, President Benson stated, "There is no more noble work than that of a good and God-fearing mother." (Salt Lake City: Corporation of the President of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 1987, p. 2.) He had also quoted President David O. McKay, who had declared, "Motherhood is the greatest potential influence either for good or ill in human life." (*Ibid.*; see also *Gospel Ideals*, Salt Lake City: The Improvement Era, 1953, p. 452.)

I thought a lot about those two quotes. I had just finished reading about some criminals who had had unhappy childhoods, filled with physical, sexual, and emotional abuse. I knew how hard it was for people to overcome such abuse, and I thought about how different the world would be if all children had "good and God-fearing mothers." I thought of my own child, who seemed to "soak in" all the attention I could give her. I couldn't bear to think of her—or any other child—in a home where she wouldn't be loved and cared for.

President Benson's talk had helped me feel better about my decision not to return to work. While acknowledging that some women had no choice about the matter, President Benson had quoted President Spencer W. Kimball, who had said, "No career approaches in importance that of wife, homemaker, mother." ("To the Mothers in Zion," p. 7.)

Some of the people I had talked with felt that President Benson's view was old-fashioned and out of touch with women's changing roles. But I was sure that he, as the Lord's prophet, had a much clearer view of the world than I did and that some things—like morality and motherhood—should never go out of style.

I reached the fence that marked the boundary of our pasture and climbed over it. This was where I had kept the lambs I had cared for. I remembered how my mother had taught me to get a newborn lamb to suck from a bottle. The lambs had to be fed constantly, not "whenever I got around to it," or they would die. I remembered how Mother had spent time with me. The time we had shared had made a lasting impression—more so than the gifts I had received for birthdays and Christmas.

I thought about the women on the talk shows. I understood how they felt. No one had prepared me for the repetition of housework or caring for children. In college and in my job, I had done new and challenging things every day. At home the bed always had to be made, the kitchen always had to be scrubbed. I often found myself feeling good about my sparkling-clean dishes just in time to use them for another meal.

On the other hand, no one had really prepared me for the wonders of being a mother, either. I loved seeing my daughter's everyday accomplishments. I loved seeing her face light up when I came into a room, and I felt privileged to witness little miracles

every day as she learned to roll over, crawl, and take her first steps. I found it fulfilling to hold her in my arms and rock her to sleep or to pick her up and comfort her when she felt sad.

I realized how much these things meant to me when I received a letter from my sister, Denice, who was a nanny. Denice took care of all the child's daily needs and even got up with her, when necessary, in the night. The little girl was just learning to talk, and she had learned to say "Denice" before learning to say "Mommy." I didn't want that to happen with my children!

The water was already beginning to trickle onto the thirsty lawn. I walked back to Grandma's. I was feeling better about my decision to stay at home with my children. I had experienced some self-doubt about that decision, especially after finding out that I was expecting another baby. Several of my fellow workers believed it was wrong to bring too many children into such a decadent world. Even some of our family had voiced dislike at the idea of having a large family because of rising living costs and the strain it put on the mother.

"Well," I thought to myself, "we will just have to budget more carefully." I felt that it would be good for spirits to come to our home, where they would be loved and cared for.

Grandpa, who had subscribed to *U.S. News and World Report* for as long as I could remember, always had copies of the magazine lying around. One day I had found a rather intriguing article in it, titled, "The Birth Dearth: Dangers Ahead?" (22 June 1987.) The book from which the article was derived states, "Fifty percent of young American women will bear either no children or one child. . . . Most people—men and women—who freely decide not to have children will probably live to regret it. More important . . . those who unwittingly arrange

their lives in ways that reduce their chances to have children will live to be even more sorry." (P. 60.)

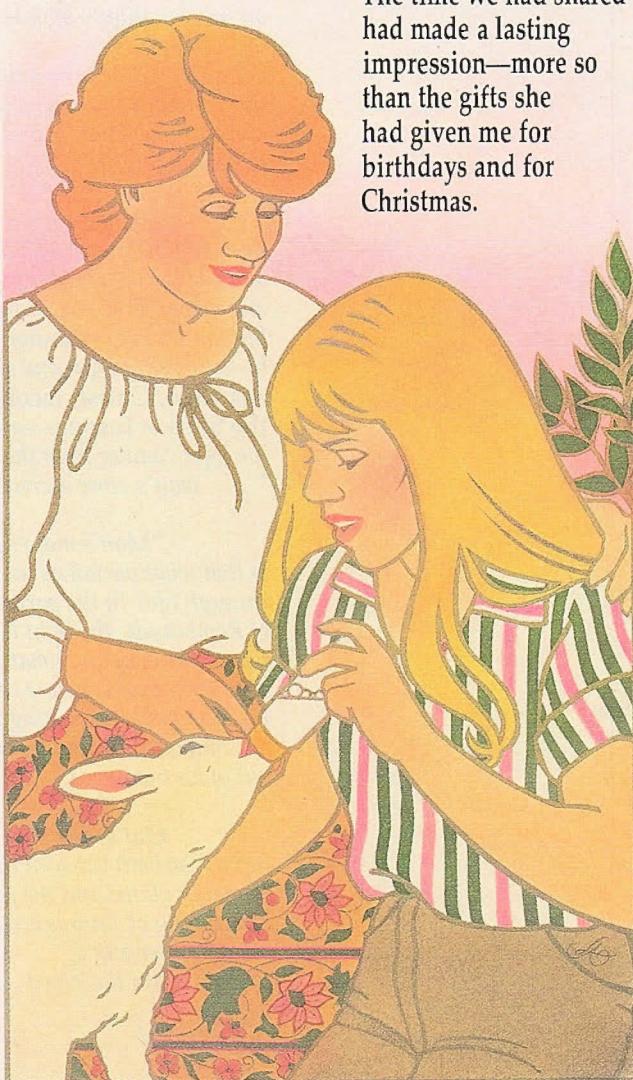
The article said that, according to U.S. Census Bureau statistics, during 1986 only 65 babies were born per 1,000 women of childbearing age—the lowest rate in American history. "People in most modern industrial nations aren't bearing enough children to reproduce themselves over a long period of time," said another writer in a related article in the same issue. (*Ibid.*, pp. 56, 64.)

The fact that the magazine had devoted a cover story to this subject seemed to me to strengthen President Benson's remarks. In the talk, he had also quoted President Brigham Young: "There are multitudes of pure and holy spirits waiting to take tabernacles, now what is our duty?—To prepare

tabernacles for them." ("To the Mothers of Zion," p. 4; see also *Discourses of Brigham Young*, sel. John A. Widtsoe, Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Co., 1954, p. 197.)

I went back to Grandma's kitchen—one of the nicest places I could think of. Grandpa had gone to check on the sheep, and Grandma was bottling fruit. I watched her put up a few bottles, wondering if I would be able to follow in the impressive footsteps of her and my mother. Suddenly, I had an overwhelming desire to hug my mother and tell her how much I loved and appreciated her for all she had done for me.

It was late when I headed for home. As I walked, I vowed to give motherhood my best effort. The Lord had told Peter, "Feed my lambs. . . . Feed my sheep." (John 21:15–17.) Was that not what I was doing in caring for those precious "lambs" the Lord had entrusted to my care? I decided to quit being apologetic about my chosen role. It was an honor to be called "Mother." □



I remembered how
my mother had taught
me to care for the lambs.
The time we had shared
had made a lasting
impression—more so
than the gifts she
had given me for
birthdays and for
Christmas.

First Place

Disciples at Gennesaret

By Lynette K. Allen

Late in the day, the wind comes down
 And wails across the Sea of Galilee.
 Lashing grasses on the hills,
 It lunges past the rocks
 And slashes,
 Wave from wave,
 Into a churning deep.
 Men have been known to perish
 In these evening storms;
 But some,
 While sinking in the perilous depths,
 Have reached,
 And lived.
 Those who know of fishing
 Pull their nets and wait
 Until the waters heal—
 Until the wind falls off,
 Sighing out across the desert,
 Searching for the soothing Voice.

Second Place

Harvester: Elder Kovila from Kenya

By Mary Young

In mundane measures he speaks
 Of factory, farm, and city where
 The day-to-day of life is manufactured
 In plain words that speak of Here but

Ah! his narrow hands beat out
 The stresses of a different weaving
 In accents of lion-colored grasses
 Undulating with sun and drums.

There the ebony shining faces begin
 To sing, waiting in white fields.

Honorable Mention

Light

By Dixie Partridge

The lampglow
 on my daughter's blonde hair
 forms a halo
 where she reads across the table,
 the grain of oakwood between us
 spiraled like galaxies and polished
 to hold the light.

To hold the light
 in these late hours we have our lamps
 and books. She reads from a New Testament
 and I from The Art of Rembrandt,
 his paintings have drawn me
 by their use of light and shadow:
 Aristotle, Christ, Jacob Blessing
 the Sons of Joseph—always
 the light coming from the right,
 " . . . man's more sacred side."

"Man's more sacred side."
 Is that what we fail as we hurl ourselves
 through life? In the portraits
 of Rembrandt, the light honors
 what is human and what is God-like,
 accepting a place where they meet,
 his later biblical paintings
 all completed, uncommissioned,
 out of his own need.

Out of our own need,
 in this Sabbath between the closing leaves
 of prayer plants and the pale
 blossoming of sleep, we read,
 my daughter and I,
 finding again the Word . . .
 Light.
 (John 1:1-9)

Third Place

Homecoming

By Sarah M. Harris

Perhaps he then returned
At thirty-one or -two,
His tall frame stopping sunlight at the door,
Familiar shadow on familiar wall.

But she'd have sensed him there
Before she saw
And, thanking God,
Abandoned wheel or loom or bowl
To fling herself into his arms,
Then hold him back,
At arms' length,
To satisfy her soul.

And she'd have seen
The whole, and more:
Sandals layered thick
With dust of untold steps,
Unknown towns;
Shoulders stooped a bit,
Burden-bound;

Hands—quickly—hands
with short-cropped nails
And craftsman's square utility,
Unmarked (what had the dream been, then?)

Except for memory
Of plane and saw
Or childhood scrape;
And eyes of weary wisdom,
Warm compassion,
Past and future pain,
Of present love.
I think she could not look for long.

Then she'd have offered food
and calm concern,
And gently probed the aching months apart,
His health, his heart—
Savoring, hoarding every brief response
Against the future drought
Her love was powerless to stay.

And he'd have left with lighter step
And backward smile,
As she stood
In that empty place,
Her last gift given,
Her shoulders
Stooped a bit,
Burden-bound.

Honorable Mention

Man of Oslo

By E. L. Younkin

Christian—Grandfather—
son of Opland's
hills,
outcast
for your faith's choice—
I can only guess
at your heart's aching
as you stood there,
hat in hand,
as child
after child
left your side,
leaving fjell and fjord
and midnight sun,
sailing out to
new beginnings,
taking on the name
of immigrant
in strange and arid
mountain-lands.

Leaving—
and you remain.
Christian—Grandfather—
Father of my Father's
Mother—
because of you
I live in this far
place of peace,
Amerika—
and you sleep
still
in Christiania.

SHE WHO HATH EARS

By Martine Bates

Prelude.

The organ music plays a gentle ocean as I slide into the pew. I feel its music ebb and swell under my feet.

This is the hour I try to stuff eternity into my brain.

We sit where the children can see Daddy. Jeremy and Andrew aren't used to seeing their father up front, and they smile shyly as they point and wave. In their ties, they both look like miniature men, and I can hardly take my eyes off them. Mellie sits quietly, her hands folded like sleeping butterflies. Jocelyn insists on my lap.

"Why can't we sit up there, too, Mommy?" Jocie signs. "Only kings do?"

"Not kings, Jocie. The bishop and his counselors sit there." I sign slowly, but she is already bilingual.

"Is Daddy bishop again this week?"

"Yes, Jocie, and probably lots of weeks."

All around me the members are taking attendance of the heart. Sister Holbrook is in the hospital again, worse this time. Julie West's oldest boy hasn't come with her for a long time. I must put my arm around her today and remind her that I love her. Candice Rasmussen is here, poor thing. She must be two weeks overdue by now.

Opening song.

I can feel the voices filling the chapel, feel it like a holy wind, raising the hair on my neck and arms. Jocelyn becomes heavy and warm in my arms, and I rock her more to rock myself.

Invocation. I pray my own prayer. Here I am safe from the wise and weary eyes that fear this communion. Here I can believe in sanctification and miracles.

"Mommy, the Spirit told me that Andrew opened his eyes during prayer," Jeremy signs to me, and I hush him and fold his arms in front of him.

I haven't yet found the right moment to talk to Richard about my visit to the doctor two days ago. So many people wanted his hand at the ward dinner Friday night. Yesterday there was an all-day service project he had to attend. He had fallen asleep last night before I even went to bed, and he rose early this morning for meetings.

My fingers clasp in sacramental prayer.

Bread. And water.

With leaven and fire, a loaf, and when broken, the staff of life, His life. And earth's cool wine, earth's clear blood, and His. I remember. I remember. Oh,

that I may be worthy.

But the flesh is weak. I think now of all the moments that fall like pits and peels into my bucket of sins, my only offering to Him who has given me the harvest. And yet he accepts me. He enfolds me in the wings of his love.

Sister Bateman and her husband are speaking today. Richard signs for me as he sits there, sneaking in an "I love you" before the talk begins. At first, as he signed to me sitting up front as the new bishop, everyone watched him instead of the speakers, but now only the children watch. We have the most reverent ward around, everyone says.

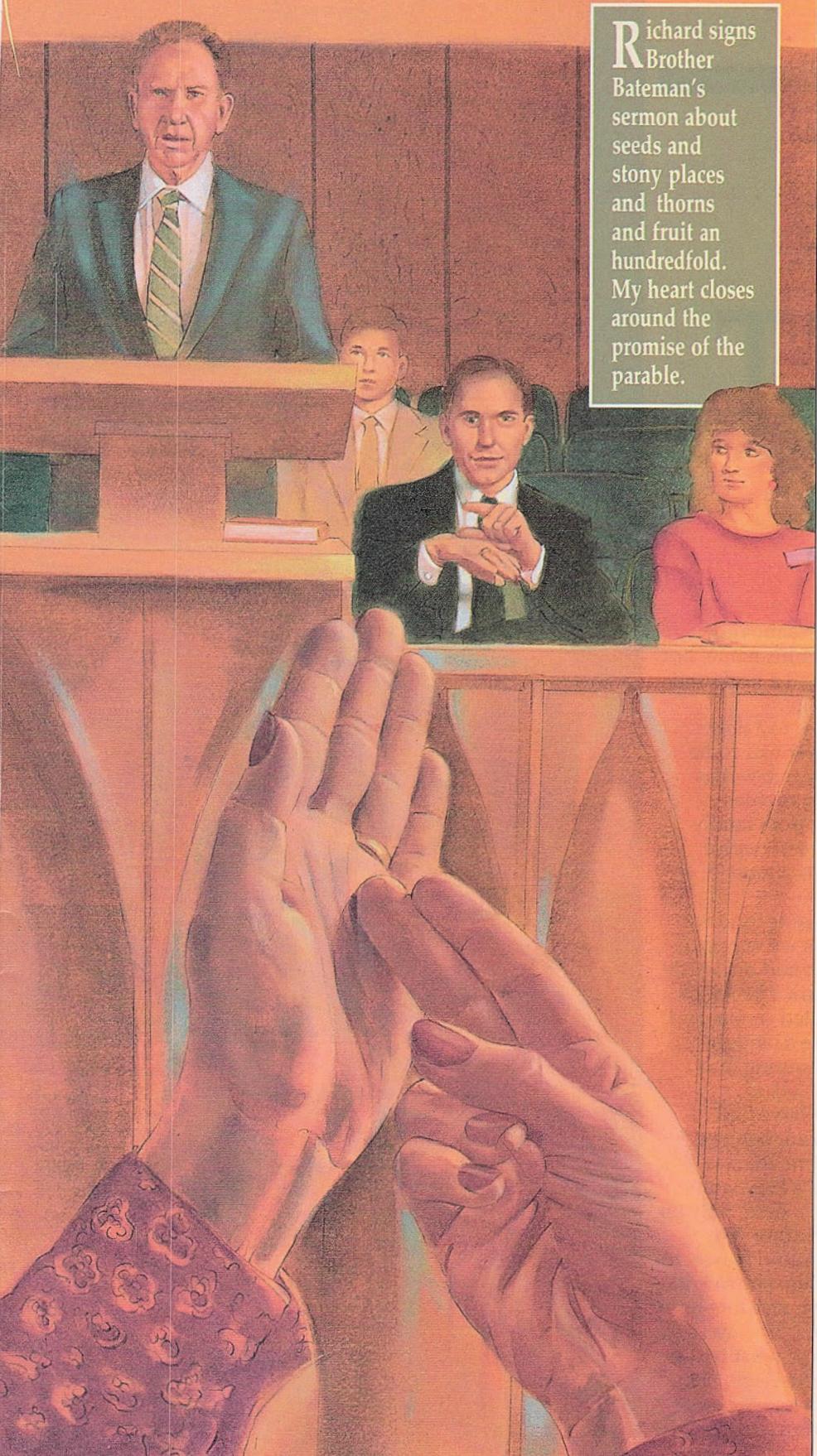
Lots of people ask him how he met me. I know because he always signs as he speaks to other people, including me in the conversation. "On my mission to the deaf," he will say. It unsettles some people, my knowing that they are asking about me, a third person. But Richard is kind about it, makes jokes, puts them at ease. It isn't always strangers that hurt, but those that love us most, sometimes.

"Four children is enough, especially considering LaVon's problem," our families say to us, different ways, different times. Richard answers, but he usually doesn't sign what he says. Once he asked me afterward if he had ever put any pressure on me to have more children. I couldn't answer because I was wiping my eyes and shaking my head over and over.

It is a harder thing for him than most men, being a father. I keep the radio or TV on a lot and spend two days a week with my children in a daycare; but the burden of providing our children with verbal stimulation lies with Richard. Still, Richard says they are quiet children, often playing silently, like kittens.

Brother Orville Bateman shuffles to the stand, a sheaf of untidy papers in his spotted and wrinkled hands. His age is venerable, his wisdom no less so, and I feel a longing to learn from him. Richard signs his sermon about seeds and stony places and thorns and fruit an hundredfold. "He who hath ears to hear, let him hear." Richard's hands are brown and beautiful and his style sparse. Soon it is no longer him I see, but the pictures he paints. My heart closes around the promise of the parable.

Richard says we were one long before we met. I never had to ask him what he meant. Funny, how we love each other so deeply and yet are so different. He loves to garden, loves to put his hands in the



Richard signs
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My heart closes
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warm soil, treating each vegetable or flower as if it had a soul of its own.

I like to paint. I paint skies: morning skies that nest in layers of opaque orange and frayed lavender, their only egg a round golden sun; night skies, sugared with stars and a maiden moon; skies like a great metal lid put on our city-pot, the trees still, the clouds pregnant with electric water, behind which the sun waits to be born.

One evening last week Richard rushed in, the dirt still on his knees and feet, and motioned urgently for me to come out. He wanted to show me an incredible sunset filled with brilliant pinks and purples.

"Paint it," Richard signed to me. "Paint it now."

"I can't," I signed, "There never was a painter's brush that could paint such a sunset. Surely not mine."

"Why?" he asked.

"No one would believe it," I said. "What is lost is the glory, the texture of infinity behind the clouds. Not even the human mind can capture, hold it."

Like you, my secret, my unborn child, the fifth and a gift all the more. I have written you in my journal, but when I reread, where the miracle is strung out in a curly blue line of ink, something is lost. It is the glory, the sense of eternity beyond the moment.

Closing song.

Brother Holbrook and I sing a duet today, for tears brim his eyes and he cannot sing with his voice, but only with his soul.

I will Richard to look at me, holding his eyes with my own, and make a round motion over my lap.

For a moment I am unsure, wondering how he will react, feeling silly for telling him now, here, in front of everyone.

But he smiles and signs, "I knew it this morning . . . as I prayed."

The hour is almost over, the hour in which I try to stuff eternity into my brain. But now I realize eternity is there. It has always been there. It is the finite I cannot comprehend.

Benediction. □

By Sheron Schauerhamer Gibb

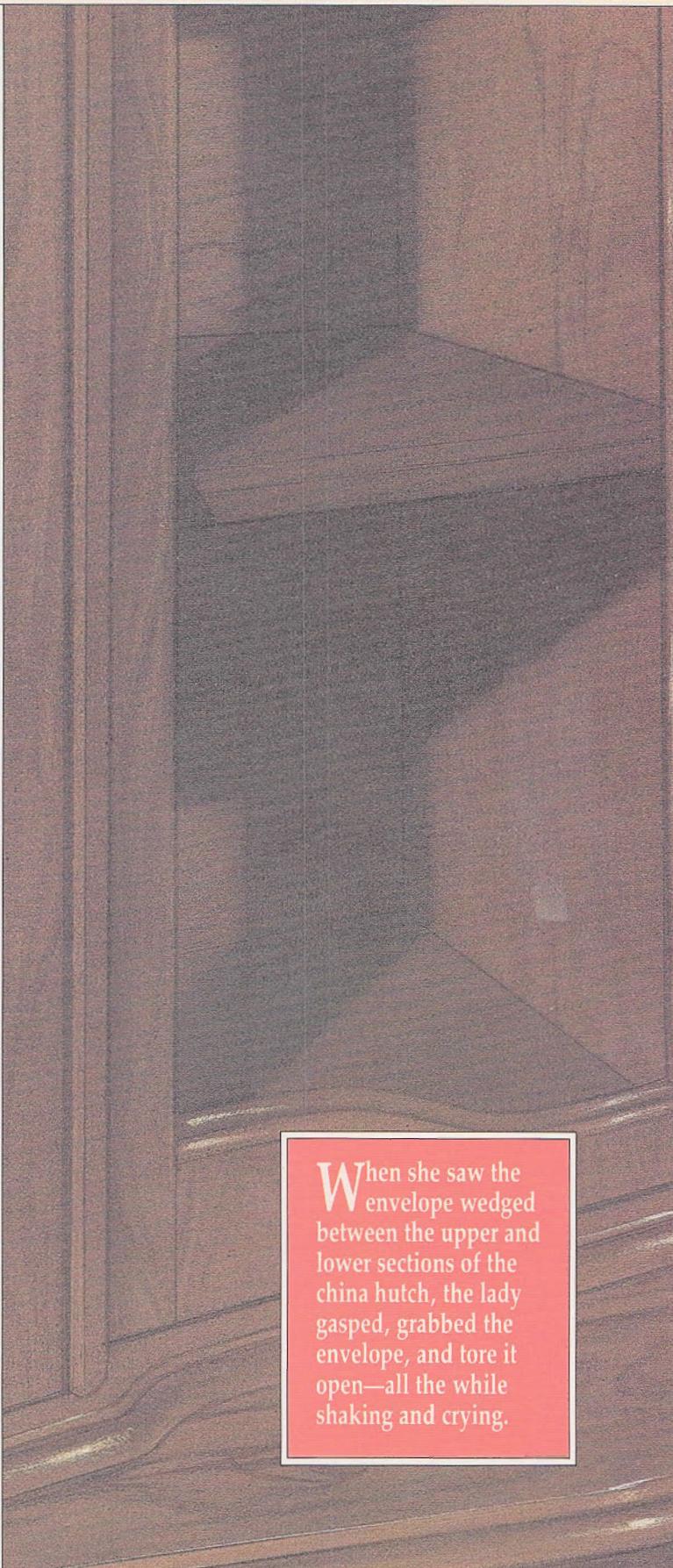
A BOND OF TRUST

He was just a man who worked for a moving company. I don't even remember his name, but my one conversation with him had a profound influence on my life and on my marriage.

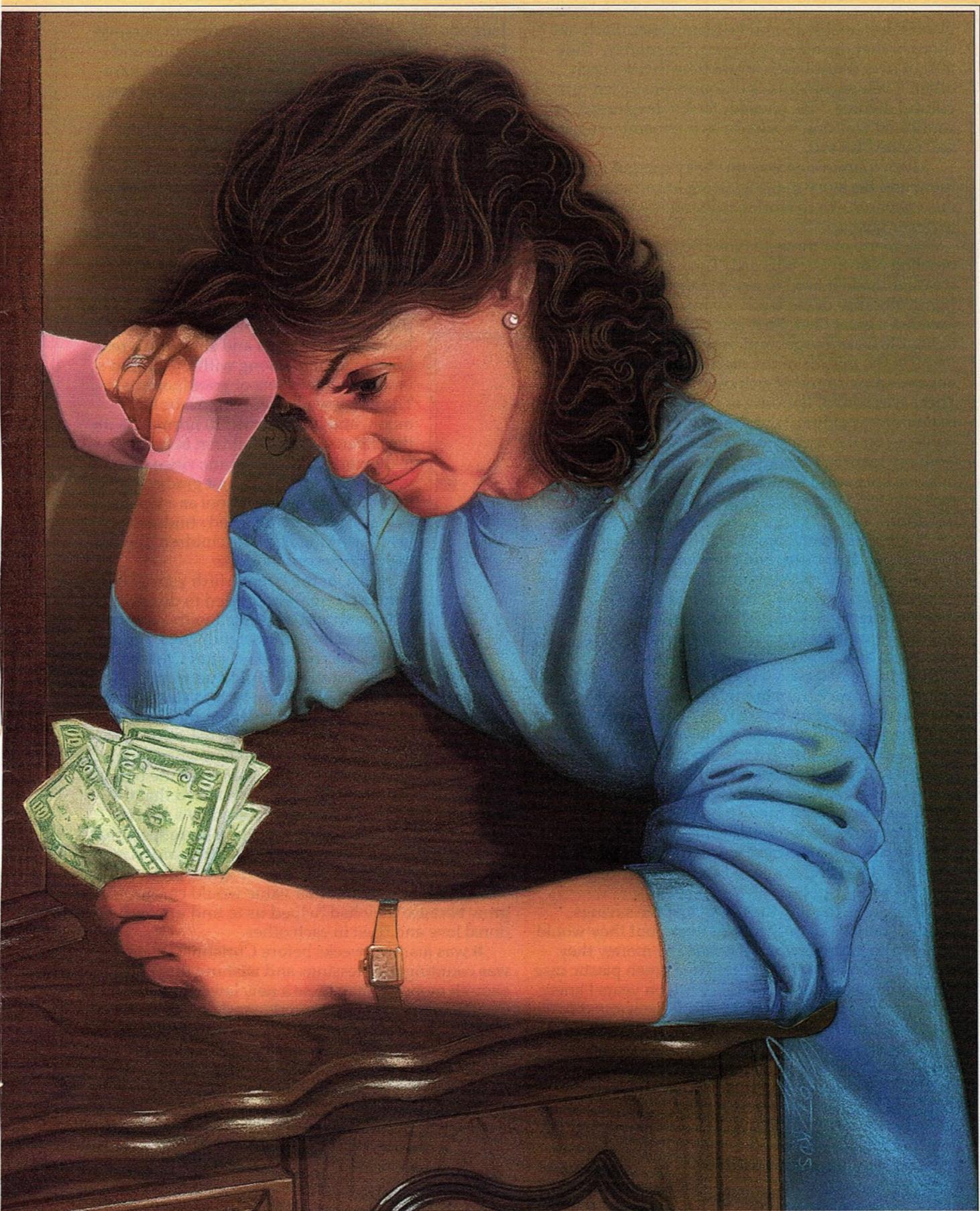
We were moving from Boise, Idaho, to a new assignment in Nova Scotia. Our transfer had come suddenly in October, and we had only two weeks to get ready. It was a hard move for us; besides the emotional impact of moving so far from family and friends, moving the accumulations of twelve years of marriage and five children was almost overwhelming.

The movers came on Tuesday morning, and we started packing in the dining room. As we wrapped dishes I studied the moving man, who had obviously worked at his profession for many years. His hands were large and calloused, yet he handled crystal and china with ease. His blue overalls were a bit tight around the middle and his hair was thinning, but his eyes were kind and he was easy to talk to. I remember saying to him, "You must have had a lot of interesting experiences in moving families."

"Yes," he replied. "But there was one that I will never forget. A few years ago, I moved a lady who had a china hutch like the one you have here, only on hers the top part separated from the bottom. We picked up the top half to move it and found between the two sections a white envelope. When she saw it the lady gasped, grabbed the envelope, and tore it open—all the while shaking and crying. She was so upset that my partner and I didn't know what to do. Finally she calmed down and told us the story." He went on. "Fifteen years earlier, that envelope containing several hundred dollars had been lost. She



When she saw the envelope wedged between the upper and lower sections of the china hutch, the lady gasped, grabbed the envelope, and tore it open—all the while shaking and crying.



blamed her husband, and he blamed her. Each one thought that the other had spent the money. They fought over it until they forgot how to trust each other. Their arguments and doubts finally led to a painful divorce." He paused, took a deep breath and continued working in silence as if remembering it had made him sad.

My own marriage was on shaky ground right then, and his story made a lasting impression. It gave me a new resolve to work harder on my marriage and to never give up.

We made our move to Nova Scotia, arriving in a howling November blizzard. The harsh winter weather made it hard to get established in our new home. Because of his work my husband, Jesse, traveled a great deal. So it was up to me to handle frozen pipes and broken furnaces in the middle of the night, plus a never-ending round of sick children. There was a lot of flooding in Nova Scotia that winter, not just from the heavy rains reported on the nightly news, but also from my tears as I struggled to overcome homesickness and the lonely agony of trying to keep my marriage and family together.

There was a small branch of the Church in Dartmouth, and it became our lifeline. Both my husband and I had grown up strong in the Church, had married in the temple, and had always been active. We eagerly accepted several callings each, and as we served with those wonderful Saints, we worked out our own problems. Being so far away from family, we learned to depend on each other and on the Lord. We prayed constantly for guidance and strength. As our love blossomed again, we looked forward to each new day and the joy of seeing our precious children grow up in love and security. How thankful we were that we had not given up when Satan tried so hard to destroy us!

After two years we were transferred to Portland, Oregon, and over the next ten years there were many times that faith and our love for each other helped us over the rough spots.

Then came the day that "we" lost the savings bonds. There were only four of them, but they would prove to be far more valuable than the money they represented. I *always* kept them in a green plastic case in the old gray filing cabinet. For fifteen years I knew exactly where they were. One day Jesse wanted to see them. I got them for him and forgot about it until the furnace broke down just before Christmas. We needed extra money *fast*, so we decided to use the bonds. They were nowhere to be found. I insisted that Jesse had them last, and he was just as sure that he had given them back to me. We both searched our files, but found nothing. Our frustration with each other was building. In desperation I reminded him of the story that the moving man had shared with me so

long ago. It helped us to put the problem in perspective. After several days of searching I gave up and went back to the task of making Christmas preparations for our family, which now consisted of seven children.

The holidays came and went. The furnace was replaced and we began plans for the May wedding of our eldest daughter. Again we needed extra money. The bonds seemed the only answer. We searched for days with no success. As I cleaned cupboards and drawers in preparation for the wedding I thought surely I would find them, but there was not a trace. But somehow the money didn't seem as important as the struggle for trust and loyalty to each other.

The wedding was a wonderful success. The trip to the Seattle Temple was the best part. We took all the children and stayed in a real hotel together—along with the groom's family and both sets of grandparents. The newlyweds went off to a honeymoon, and life returned to normal. With the expense of two children in college, Jesse worked longer hours; since our youngest child was in first grade, I took a job at our children's school as a teacher's aide for mentally retarded children. I loved working with the children and seeing my two sons at recess.

Then, in the twenty-fifth year of our marriage, we were thrilled to discover that we would be blessed with a special miracle of love. Our eighth child and fifth son was born four days after Christmas.

There was no question that I would quit work and stay home to care for him. When he was five months old, a son and daughter were called on missions at the same time. Even though I took in babysitting to help out, there were many times when we wondered how we would make it, and the subject of the bonds would come up again. By now we realized that the blame for their loss had been replaced by a special bond of love between us. It was like a secret pact that only the two of us knew about. We often said that we would find them someday, but we knew that even if we never found them, their value would continue to grow because they had helped us to find unconditional love and trust in each other.

It was just two weeks before Christmas again. I was counting my blessings and wishing that I had enough money to buy Jesse a new lawnmower. Ours was so old and broken down that it demanded back-breaking labor to start it, if indeed it would start at all! I decided to try once more to find the bonds. This time I removed the bottom drawer of the file cabinet, and instead of just looking, I swept the bottom carefully with my hand. There, in a dark corner, was a green plastic case. I wept tears of gratitude, not because I had found the bonds, but because they had been lost long enough for us to build an eternal bond of trust. □

We realized that the blame for the bonds' loss had been replaced by a special bond of love between us. It was like a secret pact that only the two of us knew about.

Dial-a-History

Several years ago when I first began collecting oral family histories, I flew to Wisconsin to conduct an interview with a great-aunt, who was quite old and ill. Counting travel expenses and time away from work, that three-hour interview cost me more than eight hundred dollars. In addition, I used several of my yearly vacation days, and the long conversation made both my aunt and me tired—decreasing its effectiveness.

Then I discovered an easier, less expensive, less time-consuming way to gather oral histories. I began conducting my interviews over the telephone.

Aside from a standard tape recorder, the only piece of equipment you need is a record control, which allows you to record sound coming through the telephone. Prices for a record control range from two dollars for one that attaches to the handset of the telephone to about twenty dollars for a control that plugs directly into the telephone jack. The more expensive record control yields better sound quality.

When conducting your phone interviews, consider the following points:

1. *Use good equipment.* One of the disadvantages of recording someone's voice over the telephone is that the voice quality is not as sharp as it might be if you were interviewing in person. Maximize voice quality by using a good recorder.

2. *Test your equipment.* Time is money when you are making a long-distance

phone call. Become familiar with your equipment so you don't waste valuable time trying to figure out how to operate it. Call a neighbor and tape the conversation to ensure that everything is working.

3. *Limit your interview to one hour.* Responding to lots of

questions can be tiring, especially to an older person, and the constant need to keep the mouthpiece near the speaker's mouth becomes uncomfortable after a while. Besides, family members will probably be delighted to receive several one-hour calls from someone who is interested in their lives. Use the time between interviews to review the tapes and prepare questions for the next session.

4. *Prepare for the interview in advance.* Tell your subject what will happen during the interview and what you want to accomplish. In a phone call or a letter, explain what you will do and how you will do it.

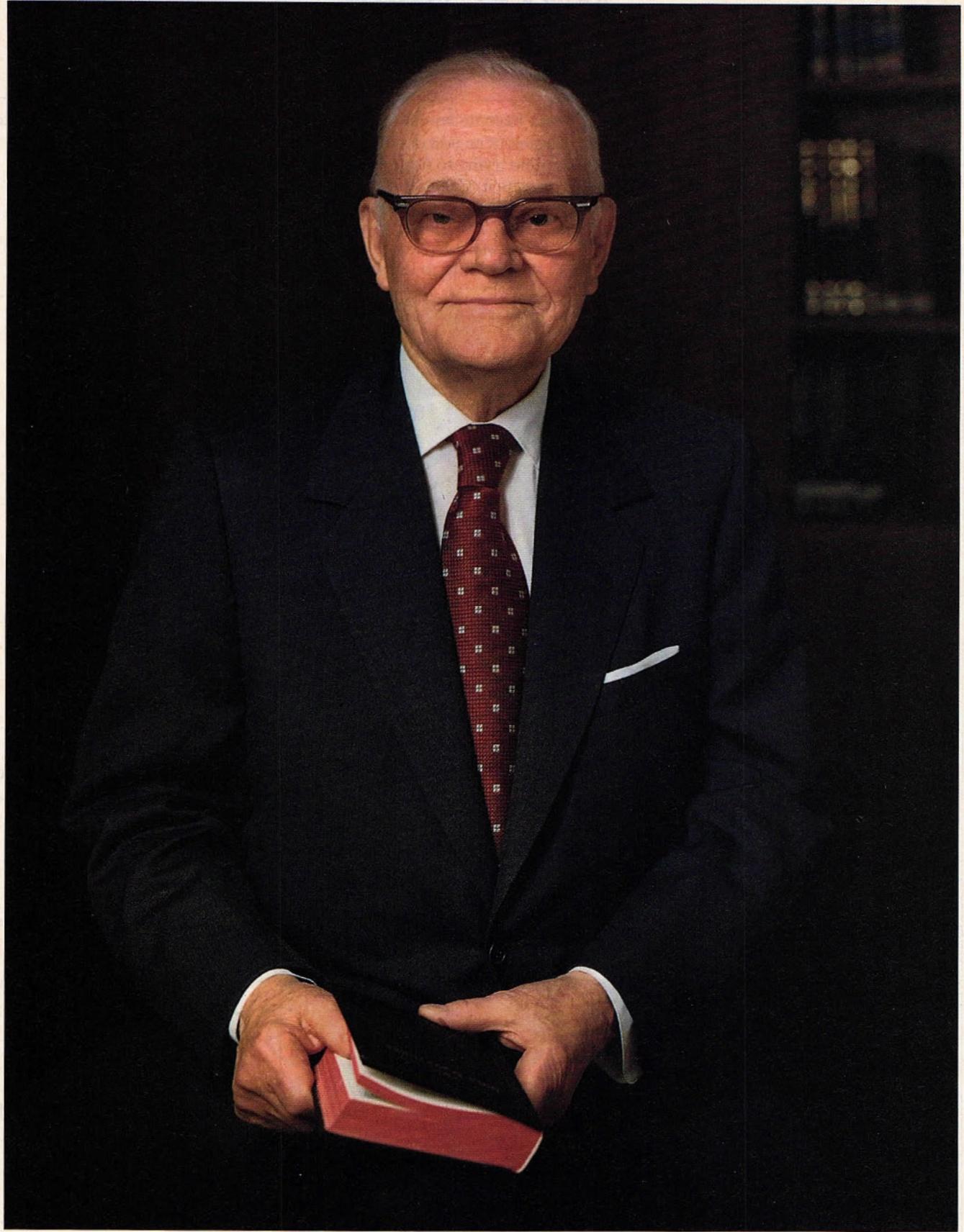
Arrange a time to call when it is convenient for both of you, then send your relative a list of questions to think about before you call.

5. *Prepare questions that will evoke helpful conversation.* Since you cannot use photographs or family artifacts to prompt your subject's memory, you must be sure that your questions provide good prompts. Talk to other family members before the interview to get information that will help you ask meaningful questions.

6. *Interview on the weekends.* Telephone rates are much lower on the weekends. Look for companies that offer discount rates for quantity calling; this can lower your expenses even more. Weekends also provide a time when family members may not be hurrying off to work or other responsibilities.

Oral histories are a valuable part of any family's genealogy. Now, gathering those histories can be as simple as making a long-distance phone call.—Steve Anderson, Lindon, Utah





President Marion G. Romney

"All Is Holy Where This Man Kneels"

I am grateful that the days of my probation have come in this dispensation, in which the light of revealed truth shines in all its effulgent glory," said President Marion G. Romney. "I know of no other time in which I would have preferred to live." (ENSIGN, Oct. 1983, p. 7.)

The ninety years of President Romney's mortal probation came to an end on Friday morning, 20 May 1988, at his home in Salt Lake City. As a General Authority for more than forty-seven years—longer than any other living person—President Romney had spent his life sharing the "effulgent glory" of the gospel's revealed truths.

In 1941, President Romney became the first man to be called as an Assistant to the Quorum of the Twelve. Then in 1951, he was ordained an Apostle. He later served as Second Counselor in the First Presidency to both President Harold B. Lee and President Spencer W. Kimball, then as First Counselor to President Kimball. On 10 November 1985, he returned to the Quorum of the Twelve as its president.

Marion George Romney was born on 19 September 1897 in Colonia Juarez, Chihuahua, Mexico, to George S. and Artemesia Redd Romney. An early childhood illness almost took his life, but



he was healed through a priesthood blessing—with the promise that he would live to accomplish a great mission.

Later, when fourteen-year-old Marion and his family were fleeing from the Mormon colonies in Mexico to escape the turmoil of the 1912 Mexican Revolution, they were confronted by soldiers who took all their money—twenty pesos—and aimed their guns at them. "I think one of the most exciting moments of my life was when I looked up the barrels of those rifles," he recalled years later. "I

offered a prayer to my Heavenly Father to spare my life. For some reason, these Mexicans did not fire, and we continued on safely to the railroad station. For the preservation of my life on this occasion I have always been very grateful to the Lord, and this experience has given me a desire to live in such a manner as to demonstrate to the Lord my appreciation." (Instructor, July 1943, p. 401.)

President Romney's life of faithfulness and service was an eloquent expression of that appreciation. As his family moved from Mexico to Texas, then to California, Idaho, and Salt Lake City, Marion—the oldest of ten children—worked as a farmhand and as a carpenter to help support the family and to enable his father to finish his university degree.

As an Apostle and a member of the First Presidency, President Romney was well known for his consistent, powerful use of the scriptures. Twenty-three-year-old Marion (above) turned down an athletic scholarship and borrowed money to serve a mission in Australia in 1920.

After serving in the U.S. Army and graduating from Ricks Normal College in Rexburg, Idaho, Marion was offered a scholarship to continue his university education. He turned it down, however, and used all of his savings—plus some borrowed money—to serve a mission in Australia. Afterward, he worked full time to support himself through college and law school.

After receiving his Juris Doctor degree from the University of Utah, he practiced law in Salt Lake City and served as assistant county attorney, assistant district attorney, assistant city attorney, and state legislator. A member of academic and legal honor societies, he received an Exemplary Manhood Award and an honorary Doctor of Laws degree from Brigham Young University.

Through these experiences, the principles of self-reliance, honesty, industry, and thrift became an integral part of his life and emerged as some of the great themes of his ministry. For almost fifty years, he was one of the great forces behind the Church's welfare program. While serving as a young bishop, Marion G. Romney was among the first to hear the Brethren encourage the Saints to store food and other commodities. With characteristic obedience, he immediately built shelves in his home. As stake president, he developed the new program further. When called as a General Authority, he served as Assistant Managing Director of the Church welfare program for eighteen years and then as General Chairman of the Church Welfare Committee. As a member of the First Presidency, he continued to give direction to the work.

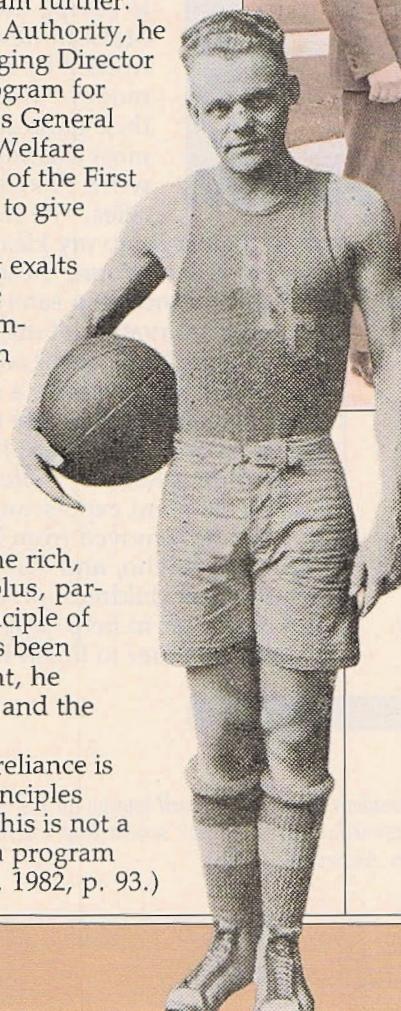
"The process of giving exalts the poor and humbles the rich," he told Church members. "In the process, both are sanctified. The poor, released from the bondage and limitations of poverty, are enabled as free men to rise to their full potential, both temporally and spiritually. The rich, by imparting of their surplus, participate in the eternal principle of giving. Once a person has been made whole, or self-reliant, he reaches out to aid others, and the cycle repeats itself. . . .

"The principle of self-reliance is spiritual, as are all the principles of the welfare program. This is not a doomsday program, but a program for today." (ENSIGN, Nov. 1982, p. 93.)

Through the years, President Romney also supervised missionary work in Mexico, Europe, South Africa, and Asia. He was particularly delighted to be able to return to Mexico in 1961 and organize the first Spanish-speaking stake in the Church.

He also served as chairman of the Church's Home Teaching and Family Home Evening committees. A quiet, unassuming man uninterested in the honors of men, he once said, "I can honestly testify that there is no activity that I am engaged in, in all my church work, that I get more joy out of than I do visiting my home teaching families." (Church News, 15 July 1972, p. 7.)

Bearing powerful witness of the Savior, he told members: "We not only believe in Him; we know



Him. He is the rock of our salvation. He is the Head of this church. . . . I know that He now lives and that because He lives we too shall live." (Address delivered at Ann Arbor, Michigan, Area Conference, 21 Sept. 1980, pp. 7-8.)

Second only to his love of the Savior was his love for his wife, Ida Jensen Romney. He was smitten the first time he saw her "golden hair and her smiling face. I have never seen any girl since that time that I cared about." (*Church News*, 15 Dec. 1973, p. 5.) They were married on 12 September 1924 in the Salt Lake Temple. "My wife has been a support and guidance all through my life," he said before her death in 1979, "and when I have been discouraged, she has made me feel that she had the confidence that I could succeed, and so I have kept going."

(*Church News*, 15 July 1972, p. 7.)

The Romneys were the parents of four children; one lived only six days, and another was stillborn. Their two surviving sons are Richard J. of Winters, California, and George J. of Salt Lake City. The Romneys also have eight grandchildren and thirteen great-grandchildren.

In a moving tribute to his close friend and counselor, President Spencer W. Kimball once said: "His prayers are so earnest . . . that we know the Lord is listening. His sincerity is of such quality that it touches the listeners, and all of us feel that because President Romney is praying, we are all closer to our Father in Heaven. . . . All is holy where this man kneels." (*EN SIGN*, Nov. 1972, pp. 26-27.)

Upon President Romney's death, the First Presidency issued the following statement:

"The major missions of the Church will forever reflect the kindness, wisdom gospel scholarship, and faith of President Marion G. Romney. His lifetime of service reached across borders and into the hearts and homes of people throughout the world.

"President Romney taught with the conviction born of a life immersed in the study of scriptures. His understanding and exposition of gospel principles will stand as a testament to his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and will be a beacon to others who seek to follow the Savior, who is 'the way, the truth, and the life.'

"He will be remembered and cherished for his pioneering role in the establishment of the welfare services efforts of the Church. President Romney embodied in his own life the principles of thrift, industry, and human dignity that should characterize personal and family preparedness and service to one another.

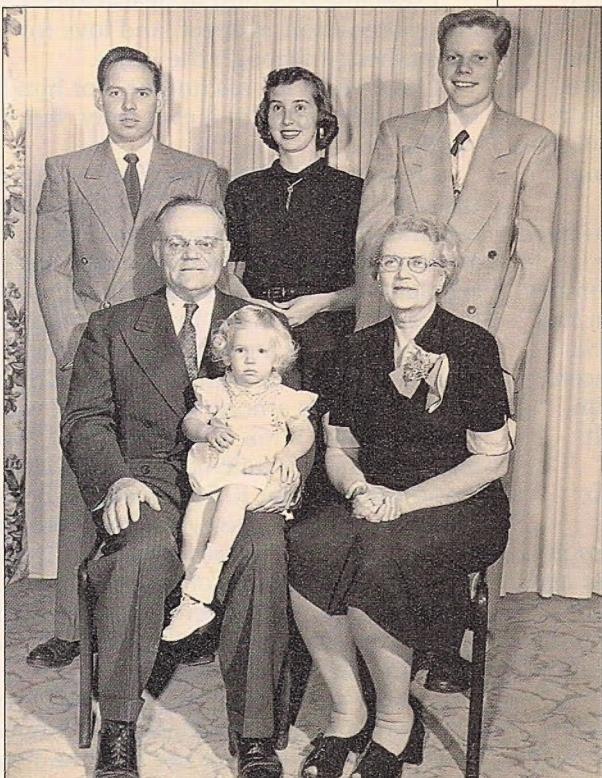
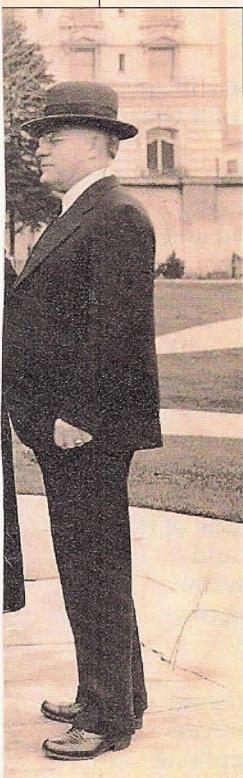
"We extend our love and condolences to his family and express appreciation to them for this giant of a man. We are grateful for the friendship, wisdom, and counsel that have blessed us during his forty-seven years as a General Authority of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints."

Marion G. Romney's ministry was one of gratitude to the Lord. And his life is a fulfillment of his childhood desire to "live in such a manner as to demonstrate to the Lord my appreciation."

The following excerpts are from the funeral proceedings held May 23 in the Salt Lake Tabernacle.

Remarks by President Ezra Taft Benson:

A spiritual giant has been laid to rest! There are no words to adequately express my estimate of Marion G. Romney. He is an exemplar of everything a Saint should be.



A student at Ricks Normal College in 1920, young Marion Romney was captain of both the basketball and football teams.

In 1934, the ten Romney children and their parents gathered on Temple Square: Marion, the oldest, is at far left; his parents, George S. and Artemesia Redd Romney, are at far right.

Before being called as a General Authority, Brother Romney (inset photo) worked as an attorney and a Utah state legislator; he read the Book of Mormon for thirty minutes each morning, completing the entire book every year for nine years.

The Romney family, 1951, when Elder Romney was called to the Quorum of the Twelve: Elder and Sister Romney with granddaughter Catherine, and (from left) son Richard J.; Richard's wife, Joanne; and son George J.

Brother Romney was one of the great theologians of the Church. He knew the scriptures and he quoted from them extensively. His own grandfather gave him a patriarchal blessing when he was a young boy. In this blessing he was promised that he would be "mighty in expounding the scriptures." The Church can attest to the fulfillment of that prophecy.

President Romney has deservedly been called in the Church, "Mr. Welfare." He, with Harold B. Lee, was the first to be called to establish the welfare program as it is known today. This program was not a beginning for Marion G. Romney, but an extension of a personal philosophy born out of struggle and independence.

To that assignment he brought two remarkable traits. First, he had a philosophy that one should work for what one receives. Second, he had a natural compassion and sympathy for those who have met with misfortune. As a result, today we have a unique Christian concept of "pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction." (James 1:27.)

You have never heard a man pray until you have heard President Romney pray. Many men say prayers, but few talk to the Lord. President Romney was one who knew how. None of his Brethren had any question about his nearness to the Lord. His prayers were so earnest and his appeals so sincere, none could doubt that the Lord was near to him. President Kimball once said of him, "All is holy where this man kneels."

His loyalty to Church leaders is renown. To President Romney, this was not just blind obedience. Instead, it was receiving the witness in one's own heart that their counsel was inspired and therefore could be accepted without reservation.

One example will illustrate: On one occasion the Church leaders published a tersely-worded editorial that disapproved of a trend of the political administration then in power. President Romney confided to one of his associates: "When I read that editorial, I knew what I should do, but that wasn't enough. I knew that I must feel right about following the counsel of the Church leaders and know that they were right. That took a whole night on my knees to accomplish." What a great example of one who followed the counsel of his leaders on the basis of personal revelation!

President Romney loved the Book of Mormon. Over a quarter of a century ago I listened in the Tabernacle as he bore this testimony:

"A few years ago as I began to practice law, members of my family were a little uneasy. They were afraid I would lose my faith.

"I wanted to practice law, but I had an even greater desire to keep my testimony, and so I decided upon a little procedure which I recommend to you. For thirty minutes each morning before I

began the day's work I read from the Book of Mormon . . . and in just a few minutes a day I read the Book of Mormon through, every year, for nine years.

"I know that it kept me in harmony, so far as I did keep in harmony, with the Spirit of the Lord. It will hold us as close to the Spirit of the Lord as anything I know."

Today I echo his inspired counsel and commend that practice to all. The Book of Mormon is truly the keystone of our religion, and I personally believe that the success of President Romney is rooted in his diligent study and living of the precepts set forth in that sacred volume of scripture.

Remarks by President Gordon B. Hinckley, First Counselor in the First Presidency:

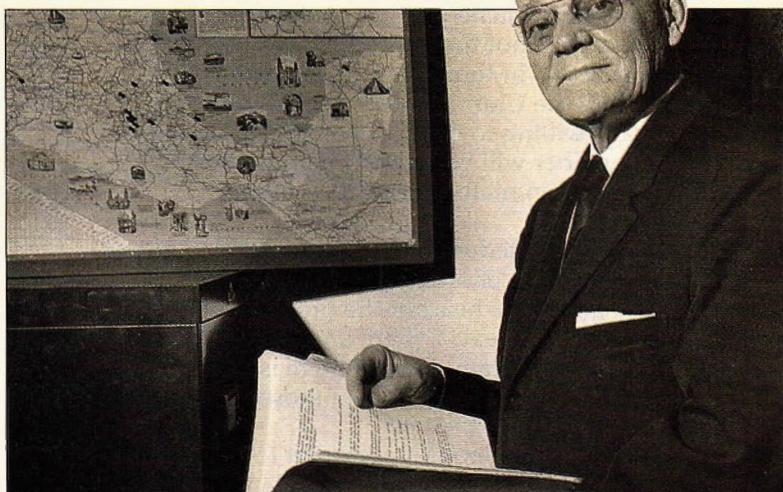
I saw much of him in health and in sickness, and my appreciation, respect, and love for him strengthened through the years.

I loved him for his humor. For his life was filled with humor, none of it ever salty, but most of it very subtle.

I respected him for his tremendous mental capacity. He was a man of intelligence. He had a remarkable power of concentration as he read and studied. He was gifted with a rare capacity for scholarship. He had excelled in his studies as a student of the law. He prepared all of his presentations as a practicing attorney would, with infinite care and research. He similarly studied the gospel. No one among his brethren was an abler student of the Book of Mormon. He read it scores of times. He read it deliberately, carefully; he pondered it and prayed over it. He loved the Book of Mormon, and no one ever said anything critical of it that he could not overcome with conviction and persuasion. Its words of power and truth became the foundation of numerous talks which he gave. His discourses were not flowery. They were profound and convincing.

I loved him for his prayers. I have never heard any man pray quite as Marion G. Romney prayed. So many of our prayers are like one-way telephone conversations in which we ring a number, place an order, and then hang up. Brother Romney's prayers were simple, yet wonderfully profound. Whenever he prayed it seemed to me that he did so as he must have done when he was a small, innocent boy in Mexico. There was no element of sophistication. There was no guile. There was no pretense. There was little in the way of lofty language or elaborate phrasing. Rather, there was conversation. He spoke with God his Eternal Father as if he were facing a friend, talking with him in a conversation, expressing his feelings and his needs.

I loved him for the quality of his leadership. He was not one to declaim loudly from the pulpit. He spoke quietly, methodically, reasoning as he went along. He always knew his objective. He could not be turned from it. He quietly plowed his furrow,



Born in Mexico, Elder Romney loved the Mexican people, their language, and their culture. As an Apostle, he supervised missionary work in Mexico; in 1961 he returned to organize the first Spanish-speaking stake in the Church.



Marion met Ida when his father, president of Ricks Normal College, hired her as an English teacher. "I have never seen any girl since that time that I cared about," he said over fifty years later. She once commented: "He's my dessert in life."



Called as the first Assistant to the Twelve in 1941, Elder Romney served as Assistant Managing Director of the welfare program. Elder Harold B. Lee (left) was the Managing Director, and President Henry D. Moyle (center) was Chairman of the committee.

and when others of us saw it, we noted that it was straight because he had kept his eye on his goal. He won the respect of those who followed him because of his consistency of purpose and his absolutely undeviating and unflagging allegiance to the work of the Lord which he regarded above all else. His strength was in his example. His ability to teach came of a deep understanding that resulted from study and prayer. He was absolutely fearless in stating his beliefs and his purposes.

We all loved him for his love for the Lord. He believed implicitly in the first and great commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." (Matt. 22:37.)

He spared not himself in carrying out his assignments in the work of the Lord. He used his strength in the service of the Lord. And I am confident that the Lord reciprocated with love for His servant Marion G. Romney. Love was of the essence of his life.

Remarks by Elder Boyd K. Packer of the Quorum of the Twelve:

It is very fitting that the [Tabernacle] Choir sing these lovely hymns of Zion as he had requested. He said on one occasion: "I remember the devoted teachers, the songs they taught us and the lessons they gave. Our teachers taught us from the hymnbook such songs as 'Oh, How Lovely Was the Morning,' 'An Angel from on High,' 'I Know That My Redeemer Lives,' and 'O My Father.' I thank the Lord with all my soul and bless my teachers that I was taught the gospel

hymns in my youth. I have hummed and sung them as I have ridden over interminable miles in my present ministry. Through their messages I have been inspired to reach heavenward."

Of all the lessons I've learned from this man and that we have learned—my brethren of the Twelve and we of the Church—the [greatest] lesson was centered in the subject of revelation. From him we saw by demonstration the difference between praying and simply saying prayers. Of all the men I have known, no one was more sure than Brother Romney of the process of divine revelation. If you read his sermons carefully, you will find hidden there such phrases as "I know that voice when He speaks," and in his conversations and his talks to more intimate groups, his testimony was firm and certain and unshaken.

He said to us [one night] . . . , "I do not know as a member of the First Presidency of the Church any more surely that God lives than I knew as a missionary boy those many years ago in Australia. But there is this one difference: Now I know the Lord."

While we were in New England, his lovely wife, Ida, was in perilous circumstances. She was in the hospital and finally the doctors told him that there was no hope and she was beyond help. He told me in very tender terms that after all his yearning and concern, "for the first time, my heart was filled with faith." And he knelt down by the bed, and he blessed her to recover and to live. And she traveled around the world with him after that.

Years later, not long after Ida died, I drove him home one evening after a long meeting. It was late, and we were both very tired and said nothing to one another. As we were driving up Fourth South, he suddenly turned to me and said with some enthusiasm, "Boyd, when I think that in a few years, twenty-five at the outside, I will be on the other side with Ida, we will be together, and the frailties we know here will be gone and we will not be separated again—I am filled with such joy that I can hardly contain myself!" And so it is now that our beloved leader has gone through the veil and that reunion is taking place.

Remarks by Elder F. Burton Howard of the First Quorum of the Seventy:

For more than a decade [Marion G. Romney] traveled the Church as Assistant Managing Director of the welfare program. Each year he visited every stake in the United States and Canada. At one time, he knew every stake president by name. Year after year the effort was the same. Every welfare project was visited, principles were taught, forms and procedures were explained, and questions were answered.

The very nature of this assignment brought him into contact with the common people of the Church. Farmers, laborers, hard-headed and practical men, priesthood leaders—and the poor—these were the

ones who were touched by the welfare program. More often than not they asked Brother Romney to explain to them, in terms they could understand, exactly what the Church wanted them to do. He was always willing to oblige: "No self-respecting Church member will voluntarily shift the responsibility for his own maintenance to another," he would say.

When confronted with those who were reluctant to share their time or means, Brother Romney would succinctly get to the heart of the problem. Again and again he would repeat, "There are only two factors in the welfare program. One of them is that those who have, give. The other is that those who do not have, work for what they get."

He was married to his sweetheart for nearly fifty-five years. He liked to say that Ida took over where his mother left off, and made him what he was. He told numerous groups that he could not remember a day that he had been with her when they did not kneel together and pray in the morning and in the evening.

He lived the gospel in his home. He taught his children to read the scriptures. Family home evening and family prayer were regularly observed. He tried to be an example to them.

For years he served as a home teacher. This would enable him, with unassailable persuasion and great conviction, to say to his sons and to the Church, "I cannot see how a priesthood bearer can willfully refuse to do home teaching without violating the oath and covenant which belongeth to the priesthood." He often asked to be assigned as a junior companion home teacher, however, because, as he said, humorously, that way he didn't have to go to all the report meetings.

He was at one memorable conference when the prophet urged members of the Church to plant gardens. Brother Romney went home and dug up the lawn next to his garage, telling Ida that he wanted to be the first one in the neighborhood to do what the prophet had asked him to do.

Last of all, he would want to close the record of his mortal life with his testimony. Marion G. Romney bore witness of the Savior in many places and under many circumstances. Never did he express himself with more conviction than he did to his brethren of the Twelve one Thursday morning some years ago. He said:

"I know that this is God's work. I know that Jesus is my Redeemer. I know it with as much certainty as I shall know it when I meet him. I know as well as Joseph Smith knew, that Jesus and the Father appeared to him. I have no desire in life which supersedes my desire to magnify this calling. There is nothing that I would prefer before it."

Let the record show that he did magnify the callings of Apostle, husband, and father, and may God help us to keep the example of this great and good man in our hearts. □

First Presidency Statement on AIDS

*A*fter careful consideration, including review of available scientific and medical information, the First Presidency has released a statement on the subject of Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome (AIDS). The statement is for members of the Church and reinforces time-honored revelations from God, including the principle of chastity before marriage, total fidelity in marriage, and abstinence from all homosexual behavior. The statement follows:

The Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome (AIDS) damages the body's natural ability to defend itself against disease. Unlike some major epidemics of the past that were transmitted by polluted water, insect bites, and casual skin or respiratory contact, AIDS is transmitted through sexual intimacy with infected persons, through illegal intravenous drug use, from infected mothers to babies before or during birth, and to persons receiving infected blood or blood products.

Current medical information indicates that the AIDS virus (HIV) is not transmitted through casual contact in homes, schools, churches, or at places of work. People who are obedient to divine commandments need not unduly fear the affliction, although AIDS has infected innocent victims, including unsuspecting marriage partners, babies, and those who have received infected blood.

We call your attention to President Gordon B. Hinckley's remarks about

AIDS given in the April 1987 General Priesthood Meeting:

"We, with others, hope that discoveries will make possible both prevention and healing from this dread affliction. But regardless of such discoveries, the observance of one clearly understandable and divinely given rule would do more than all else to check this epidemic. That is chastity before marriage and total fidelity [in] marriage.

"Prophets of God have repeatedly taught through the ages that practices of homosexual relations, fornication, and adultery are grievous sins. Sexual relations outside the bonds of marriage are forbidden by the Lord. We reaffirm those teachings. . . .

"Each of us has a choice between right and wrong. But with that choice there inevitably will follow consequences. Those who choose to violate the commandments of God put themselves at great spiritual and physical jeopardy. . . .

"We plead with people everywhere to live in accordance with the teachings of our Creator and rise above carnal attractions that often result in the tragedies that follow moral transgression.

"The Lord has proclaimed that marriage between a man and a woman is ordained of God and is intended to be an eternal relationship bonded by trust and fidelity. Latter-day Saints, of all people, should marry with this sacred objective in mind. Marriage should not be

viewed as a therapeutic step to solve problems such as homosexual inclinations or practices, which first should clearly be overcome with a firm and fixed determination never to slip to such practices again.

"Having said this, I desire now to say with emphasis that our concern for the bitter fruit of sin is coupled with Christlike sympathy for its victims, innocent or culpable. We advocate the example of the Lord, who condemned the sin, yet loved the sinner. We should reach out with kindness and comfort to the afflicted, ministering to their needs and assisting them with their problems. We repeat, however, that the way of safety and the road to happiness lie in abstinence before marriage and fidelity following marriage." (ENSIGN, May 1987, pp. 46-47.)

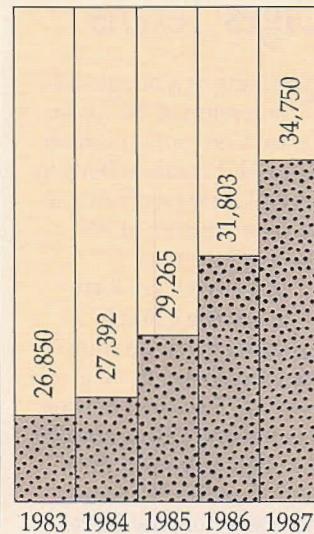
Members of the Church should extend compassion to those who are ill with AIDS. We express great love and sympathy for all victims but particularly those who have received the virus through blood transfusions, babies afflicted from infected mothers, and innocent marriage partners who have been infected by a spouse. In the Lord's eternal plan, those who endure such suffering, pain, and injustice, not of their own doing, will receive compensatory blessings through the Lord's infinite mercy.

It is well to become informed about AIDS and to avoid actions that place oneself or others at risk. Laws and policies dealing with attempts to control the spread of AIDS are being adopted in many countries throughout the world.

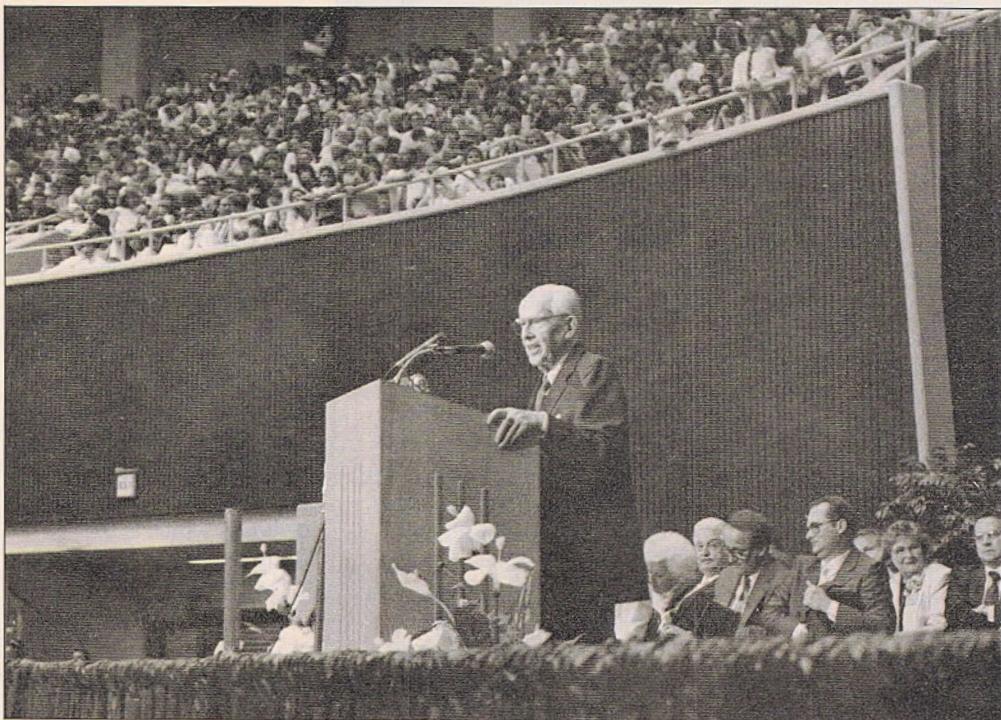
Members should become familiar with the laws and policies in their own land and join in wise and constructive efforts to stem the spread of this debilitating and deadly affliction.

The Lord has not left mankind without clear guidance on matters that affect our happiness. That guidance is chastity before marriage, total fidelity in marriage, abstinence from all homosexual relations, avoidance of illegal drugs, and reverence and care for the body, which is the "temple of God." (1 Cor. 3:16.) □

Update: Missionaries Now Serving



The number of full-time missionaries serving worldwide at the end of 1987 was a record 34,750—an increase of 7,900, or 29 percent, from the 26,850 missionaries serving at the end of 1983. □



President Ezra Taft Benson addresses a capacity crowd at biregional conference in Dallas, Texas.

"Study the Book of Mormon," President Benson Urges Texans

Speaking at a biregional conference at the Dallas, Texas, Convention Center April 24, President Benson urged Latter-day Saints to become scholars of the Book of Mormon.

In a city where forty years ago the Church struggled to have a hundred members attend a meeting, President Benson was the concluding speaker at a conference that drew more than ten thousand members from the Dallas and Fort Worth regions.

Other General Authorities participating in the conference were Elder Neal A. Maxwell of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles and Elder H. Burke Peterson of the First Quorum of the Seventy.

Renewing the message

that the Book of Mormon "is the standard we are to use," President Benson stressed. "It shows that Joseph Smith was a prophet. It contains the words of Christ, and its great mission is to bring men to Christ. All other things are secondary."

The purpose of the book is "the convincing of the Jew and the Gentile that Jesus is the Christ," President Benson said, quoting from the title page. He noted that "it proclaims that we must endure to the end in righteousness. We must live to the end as a Saint.

"God is the author of the book. It is a record of a fallen people, compiled by inspired men for our blessings today. These people never had the book. It was

meant for us," President Benson said.

Urging Church members to read, study, and ponder the Book of Mormon daily, President Benson said missionaries are not as effective unless they are using the Book of Mormon. Church classes are not as Spirit-filled unless members hold it up as a standard, and LDS homes are not as strong unless parents use the book to bring their children to Christ.

"Our nation will continue to degenerate unless we read and heed the words of the God of this land, Jesus Christ, and quit building up and upholding secret combinations," President Benson stated.

President Benson's

message was complemented by Elder Maxwell's talk about the restoration of the scriptures.

"It is through the restoration of the scriptures that we get a glimpse of premortality," Elder Maxwell said. "The restoration of the scriptures tells us Jesus was the creator of this and other worlds."

Elder Maxwell added that the restored scriptures are a bridge between the Old Testament and the New Testament.

"As an Apostle of Jesus Christ, I bear witness to you that Jesus is our Savior," he said. "I witness that he lives and is the presiding high priest of this church."

Elder Peterson said that some fifty years before the birth of Christ, a good father taught his sons, including Helaman, "the most important lesson—[that] faith must be based on a foundation of a testimony of Jesus Christ."

Elder Peterson added, "It has been my observation that one cannot force faith or testimony. . . . When it comes to the heart, the heart cannot be pushed. It must be led."

Elder Peterson challenged members to consider:

—Whether their homes are places where love is unequaled.

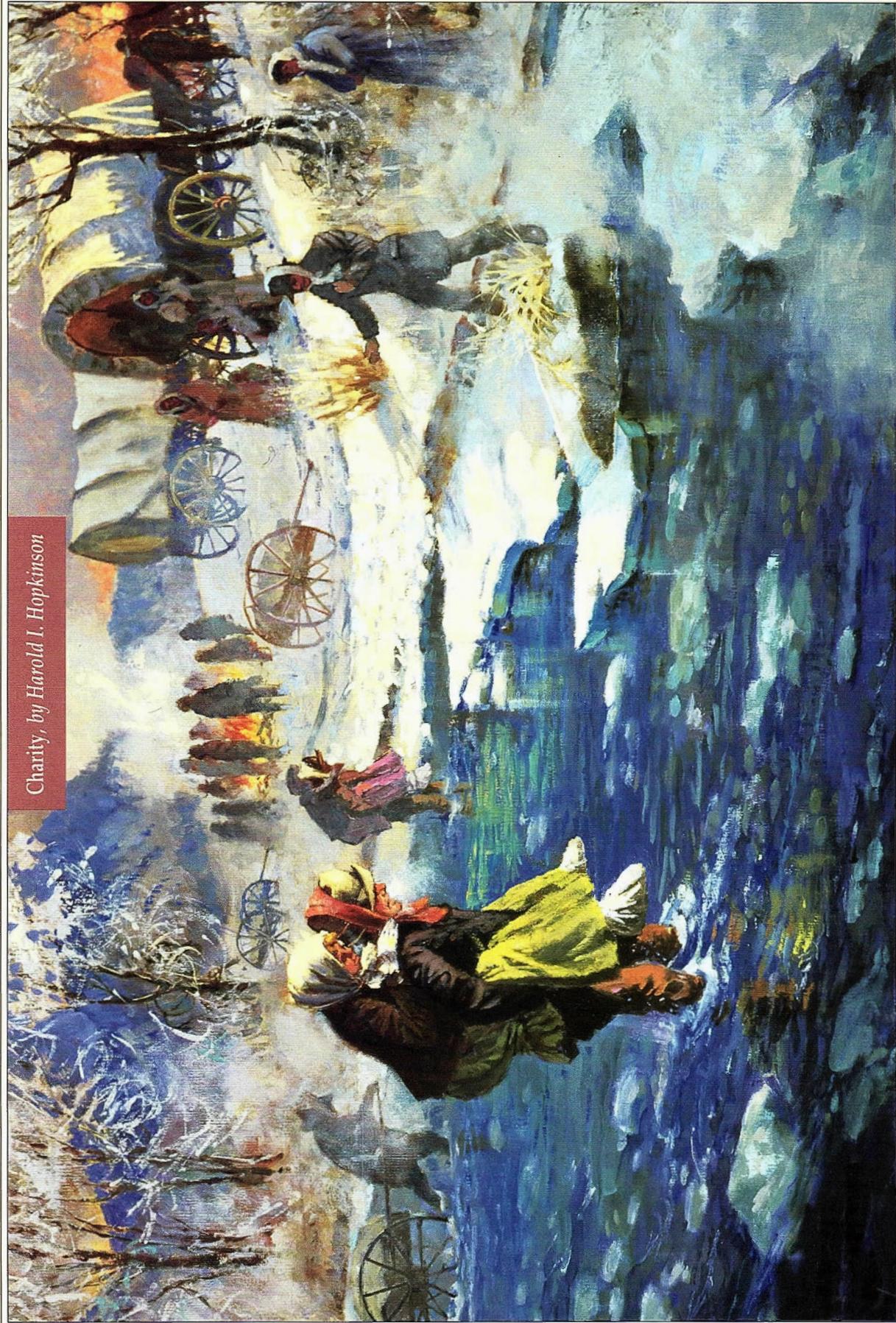
—Whether parents accept their children instead of criticizing them.

—Whether something good is said about each member of the family each day.

—Whether their homes are places where love will grow. □

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Charity, by Harold I. Hopkins



In October 1856, the Martin Handcart Company—about five hundred people—ran into heavy snow in the Wyoming highlands. A rescue party sent by Brigham Young helped them reach the Sweetwater River, but most were too weak to cross. Three eighteen-year-old boys from the rescue party, C. Allen Huntington, George W. Grant, and David P. Kimball, carried nearly every member of the handcart company across the freezing river. In later years, the three men died from complications arising from their heroic act.

The Trek West, © by Harold I. Hopkinson

